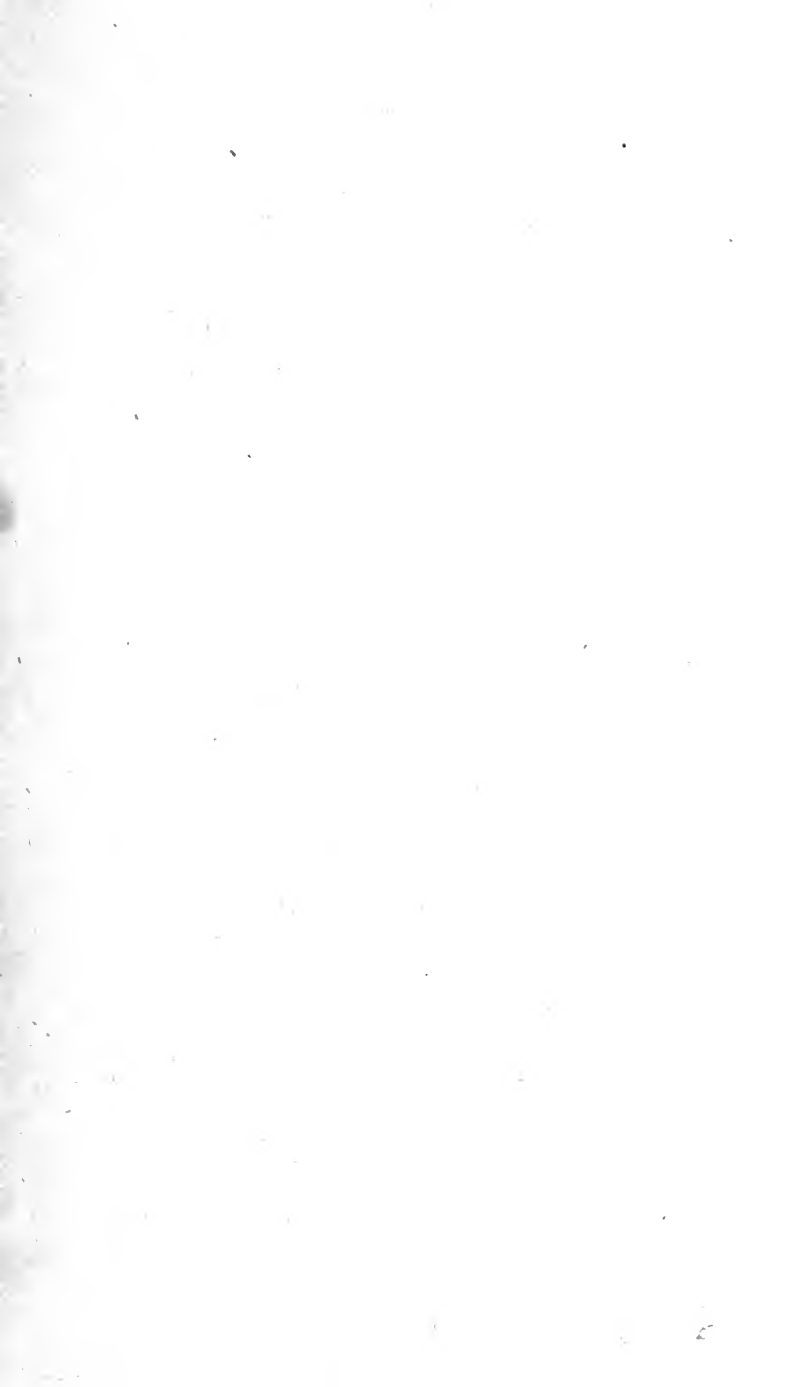


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J. S. Braman No 405
THE

LITTLE FRENCHMAN

AND

HIS WATER LOTS,

WITH

OTHER SKETCHES OF THE TIMES.



BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ETCHINGS BY JOHNSON.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD,
SUCCESSORS TO CAREY & CO.

.....

1839.

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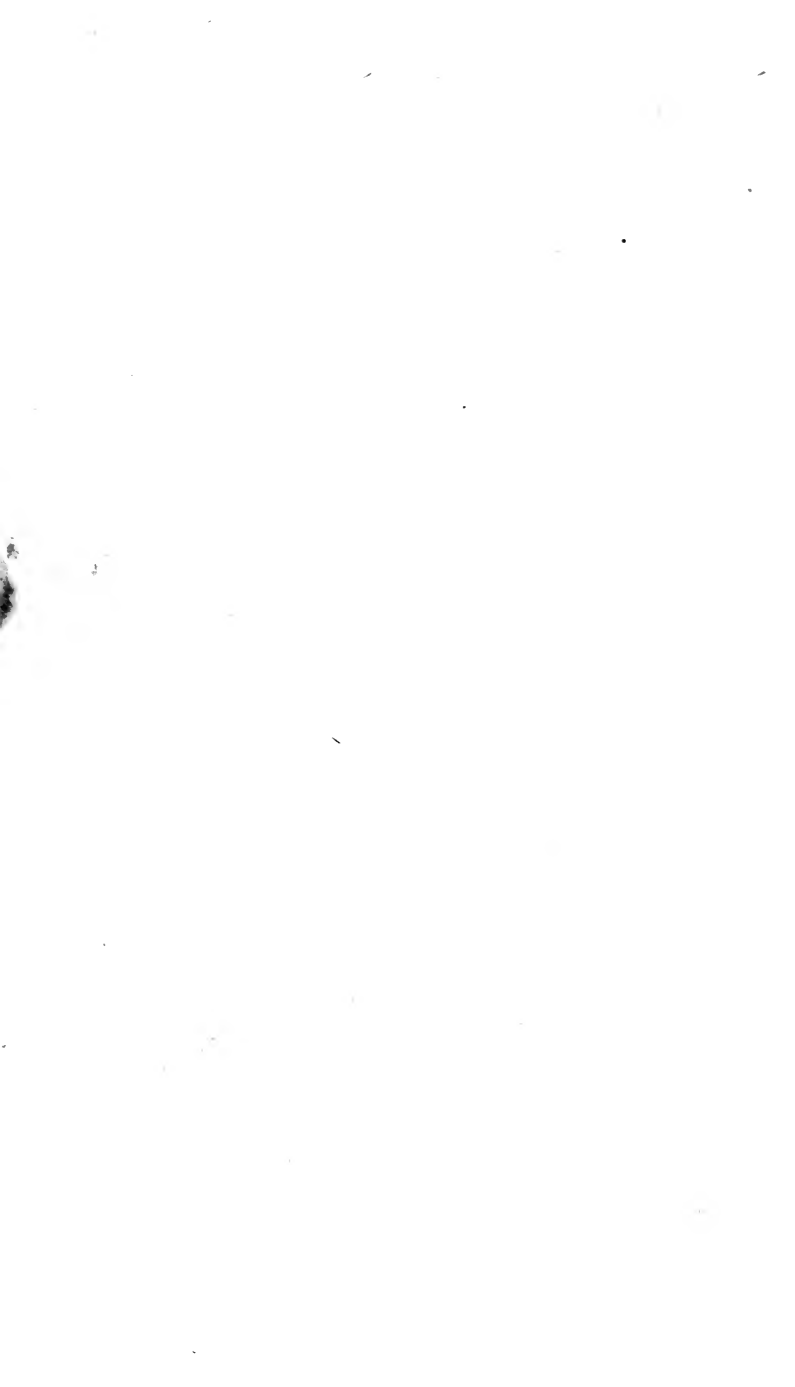
TO
ROBERT W. WEIR, Esq.,
THESE PAGES ARE
INSCRIBED,
AS A MARK OF ESTEEM AND REGARD,
BY HIS FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

1918 17 10 5.5

P R E F A C E.

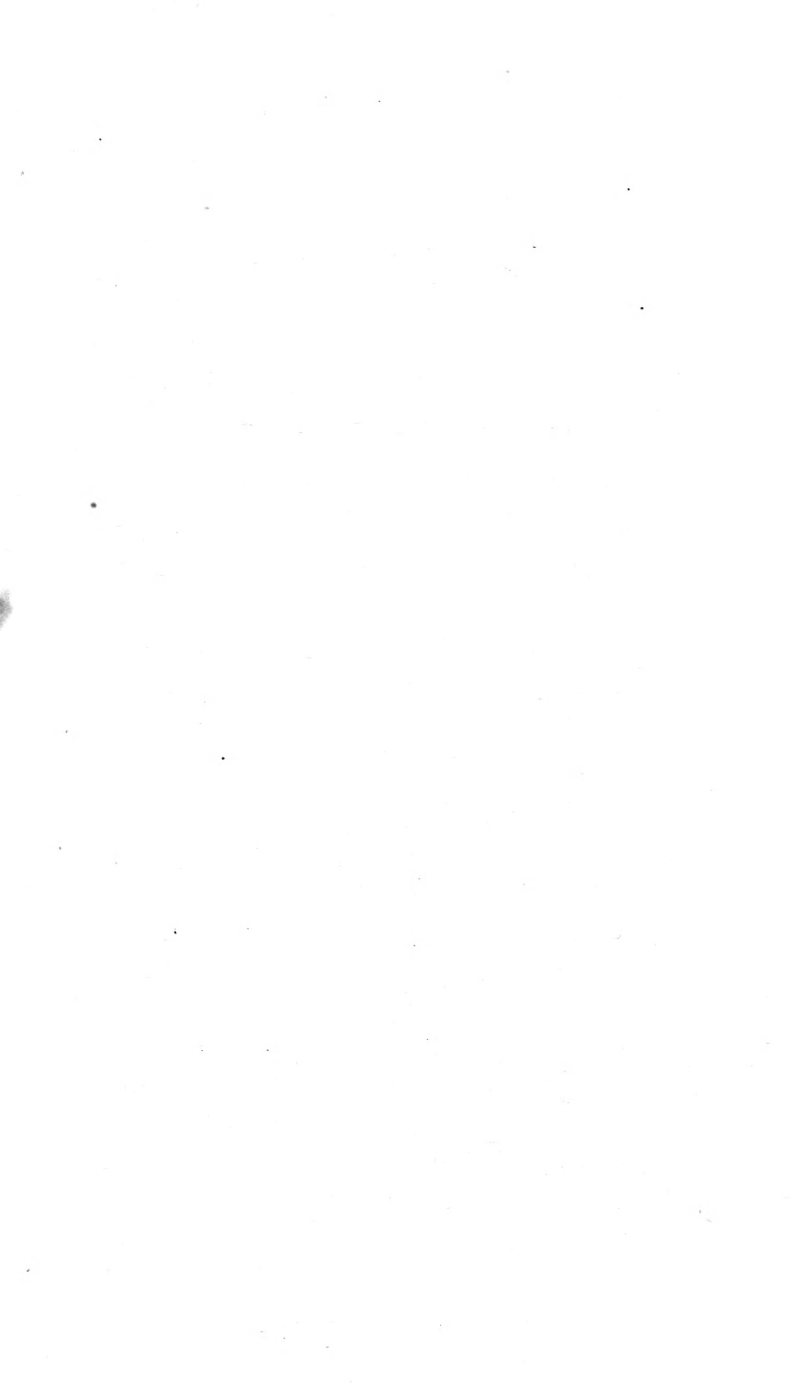
THE author of this volume does not apprehend, that, among the objections which may be brought against it by those redoubtable personages, the critics, its brevity will be included. A word of explanation, however, may be necessary to account for its somewhat attenuated dimensions. It was not until the greater part of the work had been put to press, that the author found he had fettered himself by the title of his volume within a very limited range of selection from his miscellaneous prose productions. "Hits at the Times" was not a designation sufficiently comprehensive to embrace sketches of an opposite character, which were far more abundant, and would have swollen the volume to an ambitious size. In one instance only, has there been a departure from the plan; and for that, the solicitation of many friends, must be the plea and the extenuation.

With this brief preface, these gathered fragments, which separately have been received with general favour at the hands of the public, are submitted, in the hope that they will meet with indulgence in their present form.



C O N T E N T S.

| | Page |
|---|------|
| THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS WATER LOTS, | 13 |
| THE MONOPOLY AND THE PEOPLE'S LINE, | 25 |
| LETTERS FROM THE SPRINGS— | |
| LETTER No. 1, | 47 |
| LETTER No. 2, | 59 |
| LETTER No. 3, | 79 |
| A LETTER AND A POEM, | 87 |
| LEAVES FROM AN EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO— | |
| GROUNDS FOR A DIVORCE, | 97 |
| WANT OF CONFIDENCE, | 101 |
| EFFECTS OF INTERRUPTION, | 103 |
| THE HUNCHBACK, | 105 |
| MAJOR NOAH, | 108 |
| THE ACTORS AND THE BROKERS, | 112 |
| HILLSON AND PAUL PRY, | 116 |
| ORAL ANECDOTES OF WELL-KNOWN INDIVIDUALS, | 117 |
| MR. BEVERLEY LEE, OR THE DAYS OF THE SHIN-PLAS- | |
| TERS, | 127 |



ETCHINGS.

| | Page |
|---|------|
| MONSIEUR POOPOO AND HIS CUSTOMERS, | 14 |
| A SCENE AT THE EXCHANGE, | 16 |
| THE PROPERTY DELIVERED, | 18 |
| THE WATER PRIVILEGES, | 20 |
| NO GROUND FOR A COMPLAINT, | 22 |
| HOMEWARD BOUND, | 24 |
| THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, | 30 |
| THE NEW TURN-OUT, | 33 |
| THE PONDEROUS HANDBILL, | 36 |
| A TAVERN SCENE, | 39 |
| REMOVING THE DEPOSITES, | 42 |
| A BONE TO PICK, | 45 |
| THE STOUT GENTLEMAN IN BLACK, | 51 |
| THE TRAVELLED DANDY, | 52 |
| LOVE'S CONTRASTS, | 53 |
| A FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION, | 54 |
| VISITERS AT THE SPRINGS, | 55 |
| THE FLUTING GENTLEMAN, | 67 |
| THE GENTLEMAN FROM CAHAWBA AND THE RED NIGHT- CAP, | 75 |
| THE MINERAL WATER DRINKER, | 86 |
| CROSSING THE HUDSON IN A MIST, | 136 |
| A STREET VIEW DURING THE PANIC, | 138 |

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN

AND

HIS WATER LOTS.

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN

AND

HIS WATER LOTS.

Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise.—*Young.*

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any foolish shift:

'Tis haste

Makes waste:

Who gripes too hard the dry and slippery sand
Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.—*Herrick.*

Let well alone.—*Proverb.*

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only “let well alone.” A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to

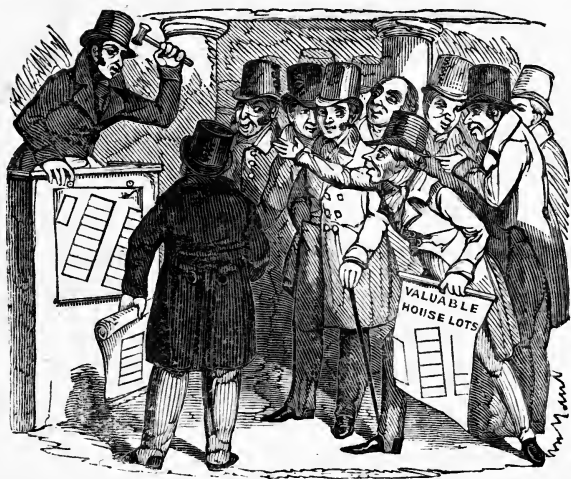


immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better ; and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to “realize” by slow and sure degrees ; but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever !

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo ? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl-street. You *must* recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was

one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have ; and seen his vinegar-visage lighted up with a smile as you flung him the coppers ; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he was wont to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate ; and, having understood that most of his neighbours had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly grew dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn everything into cash, and set about making money in right-down earnest. No sooner said than done ; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterward attended an extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.



There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographick maps—all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

“Here they are, gentlemen,” said he of the hammer, “the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them?”

“One hundred each,” said a bystander.

“One hundred!” said the auctioneer, “scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—and fifty—gone! Mr. H. they are yours. A noble purchase. You’ll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars profit!”

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and

was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way certainly of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham-street, and he determined to buy and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long-Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title indisputable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"*Oui, monsieur*; I will give you von hundred dollar a piece, for de lot vid de valuarble vatare privilege; *c'est ça*."

"Only one hundred a piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor.



The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

“*Pardonnez moi, monsieur,*” said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, “you shall *excusez moi*, if I shall go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make every ting sure wid respec to de lot vid de valuarble vatare privalege. Von leetle bird in de hand he vorth two in de tree, *c’est vrai*—eh?”

“Certainly, sir.”

“Vell den, *allons.*”

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a

present of the lithographick outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. - There were his sixty lots, as uniform as possible, and his little gray eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his palate since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long-Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Everything on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an elbow of the East-river thrusting itself quite into the ribs of the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and, being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.



“*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?”

“Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it.”

“Ah, *c’est bien*, dat vill do,” and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographick map.

“Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuarble vatare privelege?”

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

“Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to *get into my boat, I will row you out to them!*”

“Vat dat you say, sare?”

“My friend,” said the farmer, “this section of

Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New-York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible *at low tide*. When this part of the East-River is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; *and are now all under water*.

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he shut one eye, squinted obliquely at the heavens—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and squinted at them all over again! There was his purchase sure enough; but then it could not be perceived for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having “thoughts which often lie too deep for tears;” and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into his gig, and returned to the auctioneer in hot haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction-room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking a cigar after the labours of the day, and humming the musick from the last new opera.



“Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin you, *chez vous*, at home.”

“Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy.”

“But I shall not take de seat, sare.”

“No—why, what’s the matter?”

“Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de gran lot vot you sell me to-day.”

“Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?”

“No, monsieur, I no like him.”

“I’m sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint.”

“No, sare; dare is no *ground* at all—de ground is all vatare!”

“You joke!”

“I no joke. I nevere joke; *je n’entends pas la rail-*

lerie. Sare, *voulez vous* have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay !”

“Certainly not.”

“Den vill you be so good as to take de East-River off de top of my lot ?”

“That’s your business, sir, not mine.”

“Den I make von *mauvaise affaire*—von gran mistake !”

“I hope not. I don’t think you have thrown your money away in the *land*.”

“No, sare ; but I tro it away in de *vatare* !”

“That’s not my fault.”

“Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You’re von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of *de l’argent*.”

“Hollo, old Poopoo, you grow personal ; and if you can’t keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my counting-room.”

“Vare shall I go to, eh ?”

“To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman !” said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

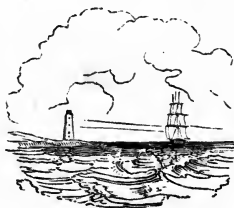
“But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you !” replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. “You sheat me out of all de dollar vot I make in Shathamestreet ; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I wish you may go to de devil yourself you dem yan-kee-doo-dell, and I vill go and drown myself, *tout de suite*, right away.”

“You couldn’t make a better use of your water privileges, old boy !”

“ Ah, *miséricorde!* Ah, *mon dieu, je suis abîmé.* I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten sousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuarble vatare privilege dat is left me *à present!*”

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as pennyless as the day he left it.

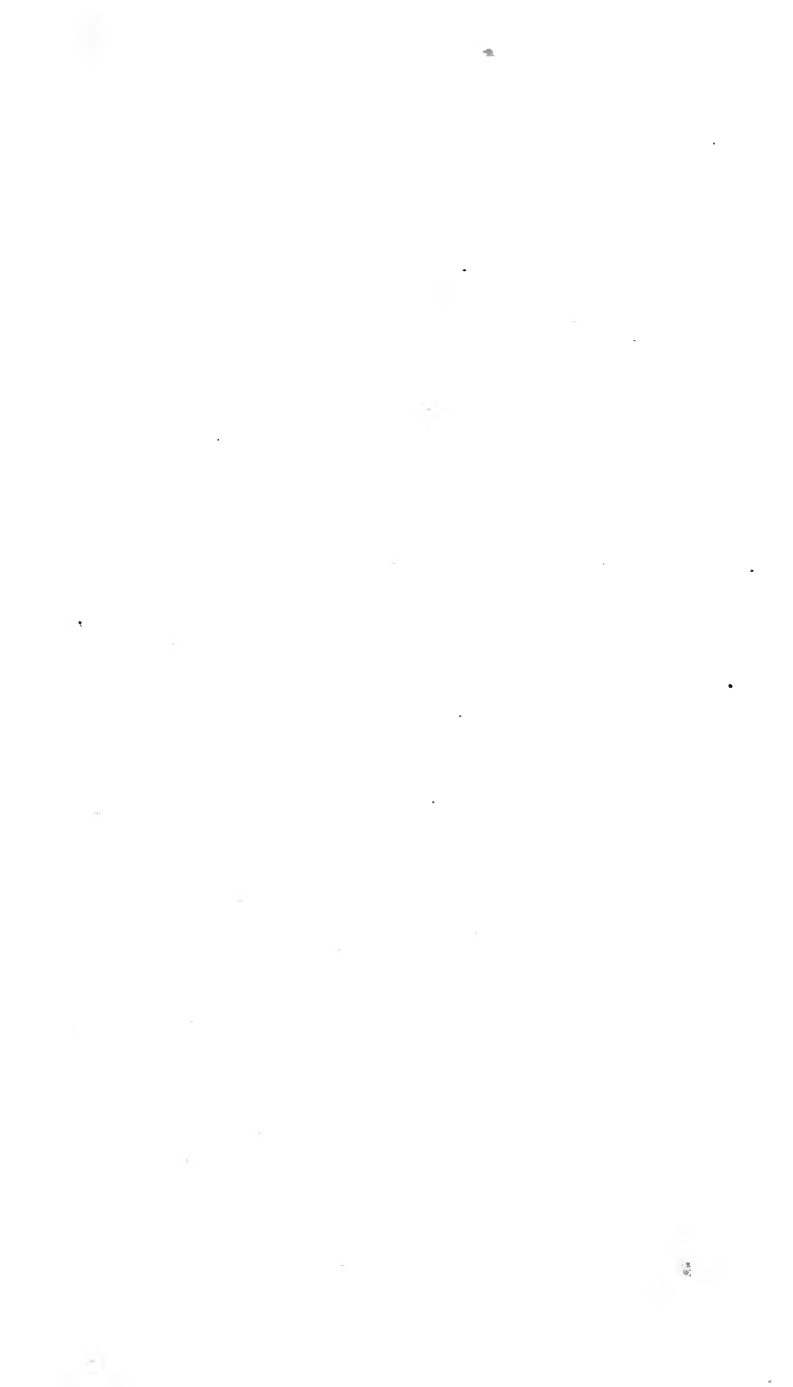
Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East River to the Wallabout, and farmer J***** will *row him out* to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water.*



THE MONOPOLY

AND

THE PEOPLE'S LINE.



THE MONOPOLY
AND
THE PEOPLE'S LINE.

————— He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.—*Milton.*

————— Applause
Waits on success; the fickle multitude,
Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
Glide with the current.—*Franklin.*

Two of a trade can never agree.—*Proverb.*

THE proprietors of steamboats, rail-roads and stage-coaches, not unfrequently carry the spirit of competition to a ruinous and ridiculous extent. A few years ago, we went to Albany and were "found" for half a dollar! and it is within the recollection of everybody that Gibbons, for a long period, run his boats from New-York to New-Brunswick for twelve and a half cents! More recently, Mr. Vanderbilt,

a large capitalist, and doubtless an enterprising man, with a view of breaking down what has been denominated the "odious eastern monopoly," has placed several swift and commodious steamers on the Boston line, and you may now take a trip from New-York to Providence for the trifling consideration of one dollar, lawful currency! Whether the publick—the misused, flattered, cajoled, long-suffering and indulgent publick—is ultimately benefited by these reductions of the fare to an inadequate price, or otherwise, is not for us to determine; and we, therefore, leave the investigation of the subject, now and for ever, to those more skilled and curious in such matters. Yet we have a right to an opinion; and, as this is certainly a free country, we presume no one will quarrel with us—if we keep it entirely to ourselves. In a crowded steamer, however, whose deck and cabin are thronged with what the great bard calls "all sorts of people," there is no more comfort than there is said to be in a badly-governed family of small innocents and antiquated maiden ladies, on a washing-day; when, the old ballad tells us, all is topsy-turvy and most admired confusion. Yet we would not be understood as raising our feeble voice in defence of any monopoly under the sun; but more especially that of steam-boats. Far be it from us. We are patriots; but, what is a greater evidence of our honesty and dis-

interestedness, we have no stock in them whatever; and, as we are nothing but a “waif upon the world’s wide common,” or, in less figurative phraseology, nothing but a poor devil of a weakly editor, we never expect to have any; unless our delinquent subscribers should pay up their arrearages: or we should draw a prize in the lottery, or some unknown or unheard of rich relation should die, and unexpectedly shower his bounties upon us; or any other unimaginable, improbable, and impossible thing should occur, of which we have not the remotest conception at this present writing. We, therefore, of course, prefer a spirited and liberally managed opposition in all cases, whenever the number of travellers will warrant such an arrangement; and when mere angry feelings, jealousy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, are not the governing motive and groundwork of the competition. But we have often noted, that the great contending parties have generally some concealed motive, some private end in view, and that, while they are endeavouring, like the Hibernian cats, to eat each other up—“all up!”—they profess the most profound respect and regard for that publick, which, in the main, they are constantly striving to humbug and overreach. The publick, however, like a *re*-publick, is proverbially ungrateful; and, seeing the pains that people take to impose upon each other, it does not hesitate, in its



turn, to impose upon everybody. Our reminiscences furnish us with a case in point.

Not many years ago, there lived on Long-Island, a jolly, well-to-do, honest, old Dutchman, who drove a stage from Brooklyn to Jamaica for two dollars a passenger. This had been the charge since Adam was an urchin, or since the time whereof the memory of man "runneth not to the contrary." It was sanctioned by immemorial usage, and had all the crust of antiquity about it. Nobody thought of disputing the matter. It was settled, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and was a thing not to be sacrilegiously meddled with, or altered on any account whatever. The proprietor's great-grandfather had driven the same route, and so had all his other ancestors, and none of them had managed to realize more

than enough to make both ends meet when Christmas came round. But it was left for these degenerate days, and for modern innovators, to work wonderful changes in the destinies of Jamaica, which was then a mere dot on the unexplored map of Long-Island. You might have held it in the hollow of your hand, or Major Noah could have put it into his breeches pocket. It has assumed vast consequence since that period—which was before the discovery of lithography, unquestionably the most magnificent and imposing art of modern times—and is an incorporated city—in embryo!—with its mayor and its aldermen—its commodious edifices—its steeples, domes, and court-houses—its spacious taverns and its heaven-aspiring liberty-rods, and all the other requisites of a thriving American metropolis! If the future greatness of Jamaica may be gathered from the thousands of building-lots that have been laid out and disposed of for slow notes of hand, and if one may at all rely upon the prophecies of the eloquent and disinterested speculators of Wall-street, “who look into the seeds of time, and say which *place* shall grow and which shall not,” then is Jamaica, without the shadow of a doubt, predestined to become the capital of the world!

Oh, Lithography! let me apostrophize thee! Thou art indeed a mighty wizard—and hast performed more miracles in our day and generation than all

the soothsayers, seers, and necromancers of the olden time! There is no obstacle that thou canst not overcome—no difficulty that thou canst not surmount! Does a mountain oppose thy onward march—one wave of thy wand, and it hides its diminished head and disappears for ever! Is a valley too deep and broad for thy lofty purposes—another flourish of thy potent staff, and lo! it is as level as the plain! Is a river inconvenient to ford, and does it endeavour to frustrate thy plans, thou hast but to will it—and, presto! its waters recede, and the warm and genial earth, beautifully checkered and converted into streets, avenues, spacious squares and desirable building-lots, remains in its stead! Thou canst people the wilderness—for the woods, like those of Birnam, will “unfix their earth-bound roots,” and move before thee—and thou canst command the “desert to bud and blossom like the rose,” and it is even so! Thou canst found settlements, villages, towns, and cities wherever thou listeth—in the interior, by the running river, the quiet lake, or on the more boisterous borders of the ocean? ’Tis all the same to thee, Lithography. Thou canst do anything—every thing—all things—*on paper!*

But I am wandering from my subject; and must take care that, in my admiration for the most sublime of all modern inventions—always save and excepting the “noble science of money-making”—I do



not lose the reader as well as myself in the labyrinths of imagination and metaphor.

In the course of time, travelling increased on the Jamaica turnpike; the Dutchman had his stage full every trip, and began to thrive. But the star of his good fortune, although it had risen clear and unclouded, was not long in the ascendant; for, one fine morning, there came another stage driver, the owner of a new turn out, as fine as a fiddle, who put in his claims for patronage.

He was a full-grown stripling, of little credit, but some ready money, and he secretly resolved upon bearing off the palm from the quiet, but covetous Dutchman. At first he demanded the usual rates, and divided the business with his old-established rival; but finding that he had less custom, that he

was looked upon as an interloper, and that all faces were set against him, he resolved to cut down the fare to a single dollar—and he did so, greatly to the satisfaction of the applauding multitude.

This was a sad blow to the prospects of the poor old Dutchman, whose carriage was instantly deserted, all the fickle populace instinctively flocking to the glossy vehicle of his adversary, who cracked his whip in high glee as he dashed along the dusty and unpaved streets of Brooklyn. At first Mynheer did not know what to make of the matter, so he lighted his pipe and looked to St. Nicholas for the solution of a mystery, altogether too profound for his comprehension. One day, however, a friend unravelled it to him, and suggested the propriety of a reduction also of his price; whereupon the whole truth flashed upon him in the twinkling of an eye, and he instantly resolved in defiance of the good examples of his forefathers, to humble himself to the insignificant fare of his pestilent competitor. Now all was right again, and things went on as swimmingly as before, until the new-comer again lowered the fare—called his omnibus the “People’s Line,” and branded his opponent’s “The Monopoly;” upon which the Dutchman flew into a violent passion, broke his pipe into a thousand pieces, and swore by all the saints in the calendar, that he would thereafter carry his passengers for nothing! And so strange was his demeanor,

flying hither and yonder in a hurricane of hot haste and hotter disdain, that all his neighbours stigmatised him as the "Flying Dutchman;" a name which he has never been able to get clear of to this very hour.

The "People's Line," not in the least disconcerted by this unexpected calamity, also came down to *nothing!* and painted on the panels of the carriage the figure of a fiery old man addressing a multitude, and begging them to ride in his carriage gratis, with the motto,

"Nothing can come of nothing; *try again.*"

This was evidently intended as a hit at the "Flying Dutchman," who retorted by staining the "Interloper," as he always persisted in designating the "People's Line," with certain Dutch epithets, which respect for our readers prevents us from translating into veritable English. Fierce were the animosities—bitter the feuds—and arduous the struggles that ensued between the belligerents. Long they lasted, and fatal promised to be the consequences to both. Every expedient was resorted to; but as neither would yield an inch of ground to the other, they both went on, season after season, running the stages at their own expense, and annoying everybody who would listen to them, with a full and particular recital of their wrongs, their wrath, and their wranglings. At last, the owner of the "People's Line,"



fairly wearied out by the obstinacy and perseverance of the redoubtable Dutchman, caused a mammoth handbill to be struck off and posted from the East-River to the Atlantic Ocean, in which he stated, in ponderous capital letters, that he would not only carry his passengers for nothing, but that he would actually pay each and every one the sum of twenty-five cents for going! To the unhappy Dutchman this was the drop too much; and it effectually did the business for his now unpopular and detested "Monopoly," which was denounced at every tavern by the road side, as a paltry, mean, and "unconstitutional" concern, while the "People's Line" was lauded to the third heavens for its liberality and publick spirit. The Flying Dutchman flew no more. His spirit was evidently broken as well as his pros-

pects, and his horses crawled daily to and from Jamaica at a snail's pace, equally unmindful of whip or rein—evidently sympathizing in their master's disappointment and discomfiture. Yet go the Dutchman would—he had become accustomed to the occupation—it was second nature to him ; and, as he could not easily overcome the force of habit, he preferred working for nothing and finding himself, to relinquishing the road entirely to his indefatigable annoyers. “ His shirtless Majesty ! ” as some audacious poet has impertinently called the sovereign people ! however, generally gave its countenance and support to its own line, which still kept up its speed and its reputation. It speaks volumes—volumes, did I say ? it speaks ten thousand libraries—for the intelligence and good feeling of our locomotive countrymen ; and, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to record the fact, that not a single individual ever applied for the two shillings, that had been so generously and disinterestedly tendered, every one being actually contented with going the whole distance gratis, and with being thanked into the bargain !

One day, however, a long, thin, lank-sided, mahogany-faced downeaster chanced to read the mammoth bill with the ponderous capitals ; and without a moment's hesitation, he decided upon bestowing his corporeal substance snugly in the back seat of

the "People's Line;" and it so fell out that he was the only passenger.

The down-easter was a talkative, prying, speculative, jimcrack of a fellow, who propounded more questions in a single minute than one could answer in a whole hour; and, in less time than you could say Jack Robinson, he was at the bottom of all the difficulty, and in possession of every particular respecting the rival lines. He was "free of speech and merry;" joked with the proprietor; ridiculed the flying Dutchman, called him a cockalorum, and finally denounced him as an inflated, overgrown, purse-proud capitalist, who advocated a system of exclusive privileges contrary to the spirit of our glorious institutions, and dangerous to the liberties of the country?—and he even went so far as to recommend that a town meeting should be immediately called to put the old blockhead down, and banish him from the sunshine of the publick favour forever!

"I *will* put him down!" said the driver.

"And he shall stay *put*, when he *is* down!" replied Jonathan, with an approving nod of the head.

At the various stopping-places, Jonathan—who was not a member of any of the temperance societies, for those institutions were not founded at the time of which we are writing—to show his good fellowship, but with no other motive, did not scruple to drink sundry villanous bar-room compounds, at



the expense of his new acquaintance, who, that day, was so overjoyed to find that the stage of the "Monopoly" was compelled to go the whole route entirely empty, that his hilarity and flow of boisterous humour knew no bounds, and he snapped his fingers, and said he did not care a fig for the expense—not he?

"Here's to the People's Line!" drank Jonathan.

"The People's Line for ever!" shouted the driver.

"And confusion to the Monopoly!" rejoined the down-easter.

"With all my heart!" echoed the friend of the people.

"The Flying Dutchman is deficient in publick spirit!" said the landlord, a warlike little fellow, who was a major in the militia.

"Behind the age we live in!" remarked a justice of the peace.

"And he deserves to run the gauntlet from Brooklyn to Jamaica for violating the constitution!" responded all the patriotick inmates of the bar-room.

"I say, mister! you're a fine specimen of a liberal fellow," said Jonathan, as his companion paid the reckoning, resumed the ribands, and touched up the leaders gayly. "You deserve encouragement, and you shall have it. I promise it to you, my lad," continued he, as he slapped the "People's Line" on the shoulder like an old and familiar friend, "and that's enough. The Flying Dutchman, forsooth! why, he's a hundred years at least behind the grand march of improvement, and, as he will never be able to overtake it, I shall henceforward look upon him as a mere abstract circumstance, unworthy of the least regard or notice."

Jonathan weighed every word of the last sentence before he pronounced it, for he was, upon the whole, rather a cute chap, and had no notion of letting his friendship for the one party involve him in a law-suit for a libel on the other.

The overjoyed proprietor thanked him heartily for his good wishes, and for the expression of his contempt for the old "Monopoly," and the lumbering vehicle thundered on toward Jamaica.

Arrived, at last, at the termination of the journey,

the driver unharnessed the horses, watered them, and put them up for the night. When he turned to take his own departure, however, he observed that Jonathan, who, after all said and done, candour compels us to acknowledge, had rather a hang-dog sort of look, seemed fidgetty and discontented ; that he lingered about the stable, and followed him like a shadow wherever he bent his steps.

“Do you stop in this town, or do you go further?” asked the driver.

“I shall go further, when you settle the trifle you owe me,” replied Jonathan, with a peculiar, knowing, but serious expression.

“That *I* owe you?”

“Yes—is there not *something* between us?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Why, mister, what a short memory you’ve got—you should study mnemonicks, to put you in mind of your engagements.”

“What do you mean? There must be some mistake!”

“Oh! but there’s no mistake at all,” said Jonathan, as he pulled a handbill from his pocket, unfolded it with care, and smoothed it out upon the table. It was the identical mammoth handbill with the ponderous capitals.

“That’s what I mean. Look there, Mr. People’s Line. There I have you, large as life—and no



mistake whatever. That's your note of hand—it's a fair business transaction—and I will trouble you for the twenty-five cents, in less than no time; so shell it out, you 'tarnal crittur."

"My christian friend, allow me to explain, if you please. I confess that it's in the bill; but, bless your simple soul, nobody ever thinks of asking me for it."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Jonathan. "Now, that's what I call cutting it a leetle too fat! but it's nothing to me. I attend to nobody's affairs but my own; and if other people are such ninnyhammers as to forgive you the debt, that's no reason why I should follow their bad example. Here are your conditions, and I want the mopuses. A pretty piece

of business, truly, to endeavour to do your customers out of their just and legal demands in this manner. But I can't afford to lose the amount, and I won't! —What! haven't I freely given you my patronage —liberally bestowed upon you the pleasure of my company, and, consequently, afforded you a triumph over that narrow-contracted 'Monopoly?' and now you refuse to comply with your terms of travel, and pay me my money, you ungrateful varmint, you! Come, mister, it's no use putting words together in this way. I'll expose you to 'old Monopoly' and everybody else, if you don't book-up like an honest fellow; and I won't leave the town until I am satisfied."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Are you serious?"

"Guess you'll find I am."

"And you *will* have the money?"

"As sure as you stand there."

"What, the twenty-five cents?"

"Every fraction of it."

"And you won't go away without it?"

"Not if I stay here till doomsday: and you know the consequence of detaining me against my will."

"What is it?"

"I'll swinge you, you *pyson serpent*, you!"

"You'll what?"

“ I’ll sue you for damages.”

“ You will ?”

“ Yes ; I’ll law you to death, sooner than be defrauded out of my property in this manner ; so, down with the dust, and no more grumbling about it.”

The bewildered and crest-fallen proprietor, perceiving from Jonathan’s tone and manner, that all remonstrance would be in vain, and that he was irrevocably fixed in his determination to extract twenty-five cents from his already exhausted coffers, at length slowly and reluctantly put into his hand the bit of silver coin representing that amount of the circulating medium.

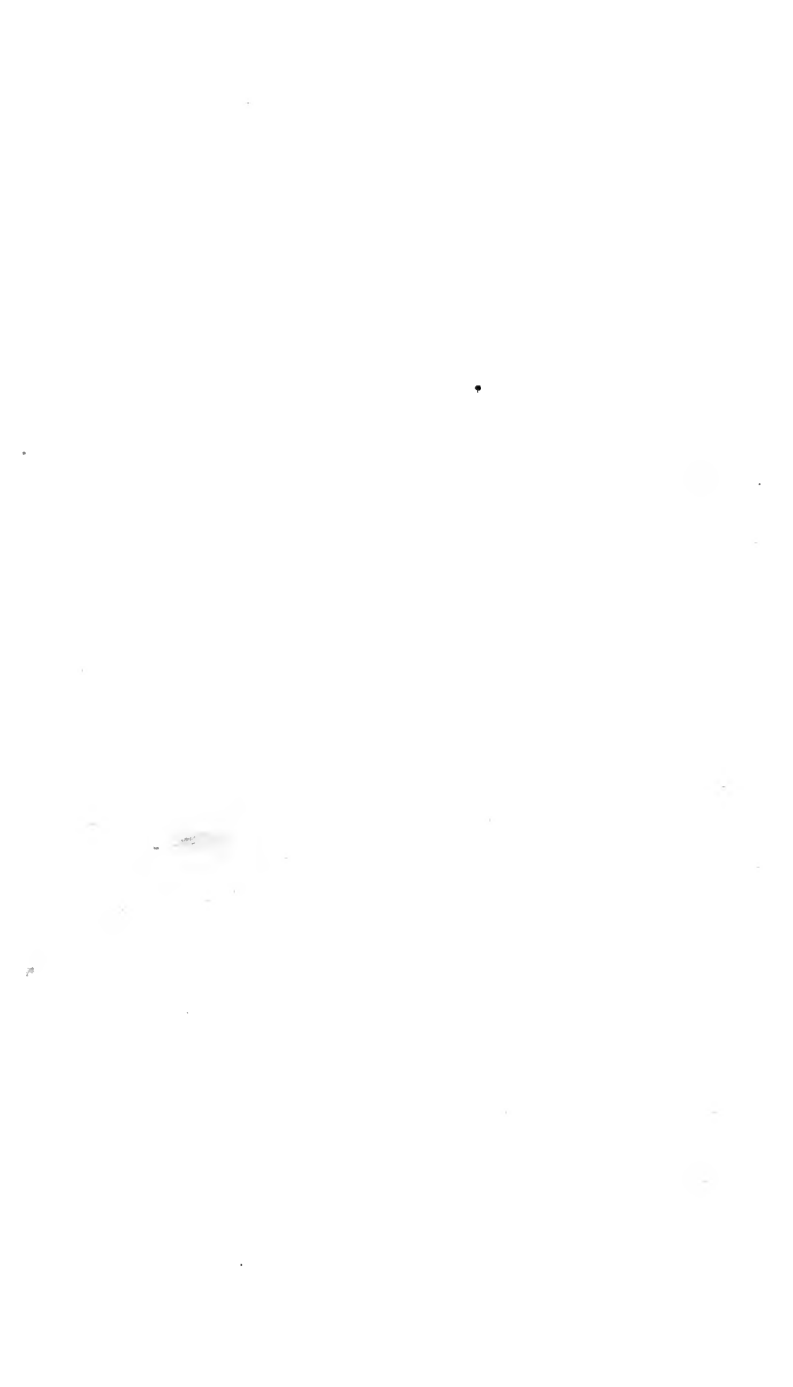
Jonathan, we blush to say, took the money, and what is more, he put it into his pocket ; and, what is moreover, he positively buttoned it up, as if to “ make assurance double sure,” and to guard it against the possibility of escape.

“ Mister,” said he, after he had gone coolly through the ceremony, looking all the while as innocently as a man who has just performed a virtuous action ; “ mister, I say, you must not think that I set any more value on the insignificant trifle you have paid me, than any other gentleman : a twenty-five cent piece, after all, is hardly worth disputing about—it’s only a quarter of a dollar—which any industrious person may earn in half an hour, if he chooses—the merest trifle in the world—a poor little scoundrel of a

coin, that I would not, under other circumstances, touch with a pair of tongs—and which I would scorn to take even now—*if it were not for the principle of the thing!* To show you, however, that I entertain a high respect for the “People’s Line,” that I wish old cockalorum to the devil, and that I do not harbour the slightest ill-will toward you for so unjustifiably withholding my legal demands, the next time I come this way again, I will unquestionably give your stage the preference—unless the “Flying Dutchman” holds out greater inducements than you do, *in which case, I rather calculate, I shall feel myself in duty bound to encourage him!*”

Since the veritable circumstances here related, the Jamaica rail-road has entirely superseded the necessity of both the “Monopoly” and the “People’s Line” of stages, and their publick-spirited proprietors, after making a prodigious noise in the world, have retired under the shade of their laurels, deep into the recesses of private life. There we shall leave them, to enjoy whatever satisfaction may be gathered from the proud consolation of having expended every farthing they were worth in the world, for the gratification of a publick that has long ago forgotten they ever existed!





SKETCHES FROM THE SPRINGS.

LETTER ONE.

SKETCHES FROM THE SPRINGS.

LETTER I.

Full oft have letters caused the writers
To curse the day they were inditers.—*Hudibras*.

—— These things “from rumour’s tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.”—*Shakspeare*.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *July 22, 1838.*

DEAR THEODORE—The jaunt from Albany to Saratoga, over the rail-road, can now be accomplished in less than three hours, and the consequence is that, even at this early season, nearly all the hotels and board-houses in the village are thronged with visitors. There cannot be less than three thousand strangers here at the present time, and every car is constantly adding to the number. Congress-hall is, as formerly, the resort of the light-hearted, the gay, the idle, and the fashionable; but those who come to partake of the life-giving waters, generally repair to more congenial and quiet abodes. To those disposed to be busy, there is no lack of employment. What with eating and drinking, walking and riding, gunning and fishing, dancing and flirting—balls, concerts,

and parties—dressing for this, that, and the other, and similar suitable, and equally profitable occupations, time is disposed of without the least difficulty. Every thing is calculated to beguile one of pensive thoughts, and occasionally there is an entertainment of no ordinary description. The other evening, for instance, we had a musical *soirée*, in which that sweet song-bird, Miss Hughes, assisted by Charles Horn, Sinclair, and other professional persons took part. The large room of the United States hotel was occupied by an audience resembling those which attended the Cooper and Dunlap festivals. All the performers were in fine spirits, and sung and played delightfully. The “Young Cavalier,” the “Mermaid’s Cave,” and “Auld Robin Gray,” in particular, were given by Miss Hughes in her own impressive manner, and are now remembered as “faded strains that float upon the mind like half-forgotten dreams.” This young lady never looked more lovely, nor warbled her melodies with more effect.

Gossip, scandal, and killing character, are considered innocent pastime at Saratoga. I am writing this at a window that overlooks the piazza of Congress-hall. The weather is pleasant—the “shades of evening thicken slowly,” and the tide of fashion is flowing beneath me like the waves of the sea. I



have been told the history and condition of numerous individuals, and, for want of better materials, and in compliance with the universal custom of all periodical letter-writers, I will point out a few of the most conspicuous for your especial diversion.

First, we have a whole platoon of gentlemen with canes, most of whom have been the subjects of much enviable conversation lately. Johnson says that "a person who carries a cane has generally an upper story to let!" The doctor was undoubtedly a very great man and a close observer of human nature. His opinions, with me, have all the sanction of law authority.

You perceiye that stout gentlemen in black? He is an epicure, and does little else than eat, the live-



long day. He made a voyage to London last year expressly for the purpose of enjoying a dish of soles with shrimp sauce! and has come to the springs now to put his digestive apparatus in good order, before the ensuing season of plum-puddings, buck-wheat-cakes and mince-pies, three prime articles, of which he professes to be exceedingly fond, and of which he is supposed, about the holidays, to destroy a most inordinate quantity. He plays the best knife and fork in the village, and is the admiration of all the gourmands at the south. Move on, old Falstaff!

Room for a travelled dandy—a fellow who went abroad a puppy, and returned “the same old two and six pence”—nothing added to his former stock of information, except the cut of his garments, a



short-napped hat, and that pair of enormous whiskers—in all of which he “reigns and revels !”

Yonder floats a little man, with a little stick, a little pair of gloves, and a little voice. He is engaged to that enormously fat young widow beside him, whose fortune is estimated at sixty thousand dollars. The little man is not worth a groat, and is the very antipodes of his dulcinea ; but you know,

“In joining contrasts lieth love’s delight.”

Here comes a foreigner of distinction—a duke ! Mark his princely air and noble carriage. Observe the diamond hoop upon his little finger, and the circling hair upon his upper lip ! Is he not a magnificent specimen of the “paragon of animals ?” For



the last six hours he has been the “observed of all observers,” the presiding genius of the place, and his flirtation with a certain meek, blue-eyed quak-ress, at the Union, who, for his *dear* sake, is in imminent danger of being read out of meeting, has created the first positive *sensation* of the season. The duke is *reported* to be immensely rich—the lady is *known* to be so.

“The form of Hercules affects the sylphs.”

But who is that mild, intellectual-looking being, languishing in the shade? She is leaning upon the arm of General —, and talking to Chancellor —. That lady, I mean, attired in the plain white dress,



with her hair modestly parted on her forehead—
she of the smiling lip and speaking eye—

“That looks not like the inhabitants o’ the earth,
And yet is on’t.”

Oh, I see—Miss ———. I *should* have known her
among ten thousand, for she is an ornament to her
sex and country.

What a contrast she presents to the proud, haughty
belle in her train, half buried beneath the weight
of gold and jewels!

“Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.”

Heavens, how she tosses her pretty head, and gives
the nod of recognition to those around her!

“The wealth of worlds is heaped on her in vain.”

Lady, for all your smiles and winning ways, I do not envy the poor youth who wears your chains ; they are woven of any thing but flowers. She has the riches of Cræsus, the beauty of Hebe—but the temper of Xantippe. Yet mind, dear Theodore, I tell you this in confidence, so don't let it go any further.

But what have we next ? generals and judges, and public characters by the score ! A whole bevy of widows, old maids, and solitary spinsters, without any particular claim to distinction.

A sudden pause in the crowd. Several carriages with their out-riders have rolled up to the door, emblazoned with the crests of the nobility of this democratic land ! I cannot admire the horses sufficiently ; but as for those who have just alighted—the “least said the soonest mended.”

The bell rings for supper—so, ladies and gentlemen, by your leave.

Is it not strange that the very things to which this village is indebted for all its consequence, are most neglected ? The hotels are spacious—the accommodations convenient, and the attendance unexceptionable ; but the springs themselves are in a shocking condition. Instead of splendid colonnades, attractive apartments, spacious pump-rooms, marble counters, sparkling fountains, and neat, well-dressed women to attend the visitors, as in other coun-

tries, you are compelled to stand ankle-deep in the mud, or upon a miserable platform, constructed over a filthy brook, and receive the water from a barefooted, meanly-clad juvenile, who dips it up in an unclean vessel, and flings it at you with a sleight of hand peculiarly his own. In stead of taking the water as an inviting, health-restoring beverage, you seize the glass with a wry face and an involuntary shudder, and drain its contents with the same repugnance you entertain for nauseous medicine. On rainy days, invalids cannot go to the springs, unless they are satisfied to have the outer as well as inner man, most thoroughly drenched, as there is no friendly covering to shield them from the weather. Really this is too bad, for the most fashionable watering-place in America.

SKETCHES FROM THE SPRINGS.

LETTER TWO.



SKETCHES FROM THE SPRINGS.

LETTER II.

———— The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly
That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon,
To sport their season, and be seen no more.—*Cowper.*

Admire, exalt, despise, laugh, weep—for here
There is such matter for all feeling—Man,
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—*Byron.*

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.—*Shakspeare.*

CONGRESS-HALL, SARATOGA, *July* 1833.

DEAR THEODORE—The tides of fashion, like those of the sea, are constantly in motion : no sooner does one wave recede than another advances ; and so at the Springs, as one carriage passes away with its light-hearted occupants, another arrives at the gate ; and there stands mine host of the Congress, ever ready to

“ Welcome the coming—speed the parting guest.”

The hasty farewell is scarcely spoken, before the "new arrival" engrosses all the attention ; and your mineral-water companion of yesterday vanishes from your memory, to make room for some new acquaintance of to-day, who, in his turn, is also doomed to mingle with the misty recollections of the past, and, in a brief period, to be forgotten forever. Friendships formed here are fleeting and evanescent. Excitement is the grand object of pursuit ; and how can people be so unreasonable as to expect those to *feel*, who never have leisure to *think*?

Nearly every house in the village is overflowing, and visitors are still coming. I shall not attempt to give you a particular description of all the individuals I have encountered here ; and for ten thousand reasons, three of which, however, will suffice at the present time. In the first place, I have no idea of manufacturing a book of travels during this hot weather. In the second, (mark what an eye I have for business,) most of the people here are subscribers to the *Mirror*, and I never take any liberties with them, you know. And "lastly, and to conclude," those who are not subscribers, (if any such there be !) cannot be supposed worthy of either the time or the trouble. Yet, dear Theodore, if you will take a chair with me in the drawing-room ; (you had a glimpse at the piazza in my last,) I will point

out a few characters from among the company here assembled, and tell you all I know about them. This may amuse you till the bell rings. Come, we will say nothing to wound the feelings of any body ; for scandal, I am aware, is your abhorrence ; yet it is very fashionable at most watering-places, and I have heard sufficient here to last me the rest of my life-time.

You observe that mild, matronly-looking lady, near the window yonder ? Is she not a pattern of neatness and propriety ? Her story must be an interesting one, and not destitute of a moral. I wish I knew it all. I remember her from my boyhood, and shall never forget her looks one fine Sunday morning, as she entered Trinity church, leaning on the arm of poor —. I never saw any thing more beautiful than she, at that moment, appeared to my inexperienced eyes ; all my after dreams of female loveliness were associated with her. I could not imagine a being more perfect ; but I was very young then, and she was engaged to be married. I saw her again, after I had grown to be a man ; but oh, how altered ! She was still single. — and she had some misunderstanding, and he had gone to England, and died there, I think — told me. I never heard any further particulars. Still she was much admired for her beauty, and beloved for her gentleness ; and, as she was immensely rich, must

have had opportunities enough of forming what is generally understood, a "convenient alliance;" for men, or I am much mistaken, were as wordly-given formerly as now. I never saw her afterward, until we met the other day at these Springs. There are more old maids in the world than remain so from necessity.

"No American should wish to trace his ancestry further back than the revolutionary war," says a recent writer. I admire this sentiment. Yet, while I disapprove, most heartily, of the conceited airs and flimsy pretensions which certain little people arrogate to themselves on account of their birth-right, I cannot subscribe to one particle of the cant I am in the habit of hearing expressed on these subjects. It is *not* "the same thing," to *me*, at least, whether my father was a count or a coal-heaver, a prince or a pickpocket. I would have all my relations, past, present, and *to come*, good and respectable people, and should prefer the blood of the Howards to that of the convicts of Botany Bay—nor do I believe I am at all singular in these particulars. It is nothing more than a natural feeling. Still I would not think ill of a man on account of any misfortune that may have attended his birth, nor well of a man simply because he happened to be cradled in the lap of affluence and pride. The

first may be one of nature's noblemen, and the other a poor creature, notwithstanding all his splendour; and that this frequently happens, every day's experience affords us abundant testimony. That the claims of all to distinction should rest upon one's own individual talents, deportment, and character, is also sound doctrine, and cannot be disputed: yet this is no reason why we should not have an honest and becoming pride in the genius, integrity, or gallant bearing of those from whom we sprung. Now, yonder stands a gentleman, who, in my humble judgment, cannot but indulge a secret glow of satisfaction, while contemplating the roots of his family tree. He came from a good stock—the old Dutch settlers of New-Amsterdam—than which no blood that flows in the human veins is either purer, better, or braver. His forefathers were eminently conspicuous as Christians, soldiers, and sages; they occupied the high places of honour and authority—were the ornaments of their day and generation; and, notwithstanding the shade of ridicule which a popular writer has cast around and interwoven with their history, their memories will ever be cherished until virtue ceases to be an attribute of the human mind. The public-spirit of this gentleman and his liberal views have long been the theme of universal praise; and although I have not his personal acquaintance, I know he *must* be a gentleman—the

mild and benignant expression of his face—his unassuming habits—his bland and courteous demeanour, all bespeak it ; and, to use the language of Queen Elizabeth, are unto him “letters of recommendation throughout the world.”

That gentleman is one of the few Americans who combine a literary taste with indefatigable business habits. Had he devoted his life to letters instead of merchandise, he would have been conspicuous among the most gifted of his countrymen. I heard him deliver an address once, remarkable for the beauty of its style and the soundness of its doctrines. But this is a money-making land ; and Mr. —, like Halleck, Wetmore, Sprague, Strong and others, has found the counting-house more profitable than the muses' temple—his account-book more certain than all books besides—and bank-notes the very best notes in the universe.

Young — is famous for his flute, his dog, and the number of his servants. He never travels without half a dozen. One he dresses in livery, and has him always within calling distance. He plays the German flute with great unction, and with a most determined air, and keeps an enormous dog, of a very peculiar breed, constantly at his heels. He lodges at — hotel, near the top of the house—



that apartment having been assigned him on account of his musical propensities—he not wishing to be interrupted in his studies, and the landlord desiring to have the neighbourhood disturbed as little as possible by his eternal noise. He is the horror of the surrounding country; and complaints have frequently been lodged against him for annoying quiet, well-disposed citizens throughout the day, and keeping them awake during most of the night. Wherever he goes he pays double board, as all *fluting* gentlemen undoubtedly ought to do, and therefore enjoys a kind of privilege to blow away as loud and as often as he thinks proper. His man in livery answers his bell, which is everlastingly going. At the first stroke of the hammer away runs John, and away runs the

dog close behind him. It is curious to see these two worthies hurrying up stairs, and the exhibition never fails to create a laugh throughout the building, which, however amusing to the spectators, is a source of the deepest mortification and chagrin to poor John, who is the butt of all his associates in the kitchen on this account. John has long looked upon himself as an injured and most unfortunate man, and once summoned sufficient resolution to remonstrate with his master upon his grievances—telling him, with tears in his eyes, and in a heart-rending manner, that if the dog was not discharged, he should be compelled, however reluctantly, and notwithstanding the high wages, to look out for another situation, as it was quite impossible to say, when the bell rung, which was wanted, the dog or himself. It is entirely out of the question to describe the indignation of Monsieur Flute, on hearing this complaint. At first he turned all the colours of the rainbow—then arose from his seat, eyed his rebellious valet from head to foot, and tried to give vent to his passion in a stream of words ; but, finding the effort vain, he promptly kicked him out of the room, and commanded him from his presence forever ! John, however, is a prudent fellow, and knows the value of a good place and high wages, or, to use his own phrase, “ which side his bread is buttered ”—so he concluded to retain his place, in defiance of

the laugh and the kicking, and still remains in his former service, and is still followed by that everlasting dog. Now, young —— is a nuisance, and so are his servants, and so are all *private* servants at public hotels. During meals, they are always in the way. You are liable to mistake them for the regular waiters of the house, and issue your orders accordingly. These they refuse to obey, of course. This is provoking. Then they seize upon all the choice dishes on the table, to convey them to their masters, who sit gormandizing while your plate is empty, and the dinner is getting cold. This is monstrous. Then the man with a servant sometimes gives himself airs to the man without a servant. This is intolerable. I have heard of one or two duels on account of private servants, and therefore I repeat, they are a nuisance in a moral point of view, and ought to be abated.

There is a knot of politicians—the “great hereafter” and his distinguished colleagues, whom I must not mention, for fear of entering the dreaded arena of politics—near them are descendants of Carroll, Clinton, Tompkins, and other renowned men,

“Whose names are with their country’s woven;”

and the room is filling with beauties, belles and beaux of all descriptions. The gentleman in a drab

coat, is quite a famous fellow here—a member of the temperance societies—temperate in every thing but water, of which he drinks twenty tumblers every morning before breakfast at the Congress Spring, and has done so for the last six summers. He is a firm believer in its efficacy—delivers long orations on the subject to any person who will listen to him—pulls every new comer by the button, as soon as he enters the premises, and is known and avoided by the name of the “Water King.” That little girl in black, who snaps her fingers at the slender buck in whiskers, has refused six offers of marriage within the last twelve days. She is certainly a bewitching creature, and often puts me in mind of Clara Fisher in the Country Girl.

Ah, ha ! my little Frenchman ! That fellow is a character. I will tell you a story about him. I stopped at West Point, not long since, and found the hotel crowded with visitors. It was late in the evening when I arrived, and being almost worn out with the fatigue of my journey, for I had been the inmate of stage-coaches, railroad-cars, and canal-boats without closing my eyes for the last two days, I repaired, with all convenient haste, to the solitary couch that had been assigned me in the basement-story, in the hope of passing a few comfortable hours in the “arms of Morpheus ;” but one glance at the

“blue chamber below,” convinced me of the utter folly of any such expectation. I found it nearly crammed with my fellow-lodgers, who, if I might judge from the melancholy display of hats, boots, socks, and other articles of wearing apparel, scattered over the floor, in most “admired disorder,” had evidently retired with unbecoming eagerness to secure their places to themselves, and thereby guard them against the possibility of intrusion from others; doubtless believing, that in this, as well as in similar cases, possession is nine points in the law. As the apartment was very confined, and all the inhabitants wide awake, I thought I might as well spend an hour or two in the open air before going to bed, and was about to retire for that purpose, when a voice called, “If you do not wish to lose your berth, you had better turn in.” Observing that nearly all the cots, sofas, settees, chairs, etc., were occupied, and hearing that several of my fellow-passengers were sleeping on the house top and in the halls, I deemed it prudent to follow the advice just given me, so at once commenced disrobing, and was soon stowed away in a snug corner, and it was not long before I found myself gradually and imperceptibly sinking under the power of the gentle god. I began to congratulate myself—to commiserate the unhappy condition of my less fortunate companions, and to bid good night to all my cares, when that short, thin,

merry little Frenchman came dancing into the room, and, after cutting a pigeon-wing or two, humming a passage from a favourite opera, and skipping once or twice around the vacant beds, sat himself upon the most commodious, with the exclamation, "Ah ha! I find him—this is him—number ten, magnifique! Now I shall get some leetle sleeps at last." Again humming a part of a tune, he proceeded to prepare himself for bed. After divesting himself of his apparel, and carefully depositing his trinkets and watch under his pillow, he fastened a red bandanna handkerchief around his head, and slid beneath the counterpane, as gay and lively as a cricket. "It is superb," he once more exclaimed aloud; "I have not had some rest for six dozen days, *certainement*—and now I shall have some leetle sleeps. But, waiter," bawled he, suddenly recollecting himself. John came at the call. "What is it o'clock, eh?"

"Nearly ten, sir."

"What time de boat arrive?"

"About two."

"When he do come, you shall wake me some leetle minute before?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you shall get some of de champaign and oystare all ready for my suppare?"

"Very well, sir. You may depend upon me, sir," said John, as he shut the door, and made his exit.

“ Ah, *très bien*, and now for de leetle sleeps.” Uttering which, he threw himself upon the pillow, and, in a few seconds, was in a delightful doze.

The foregoing manœuvres and conversation had attracted the attention of all, and aroused me completely.

“ Confound that Frenchman ! ” growled a bluff old fellow next him, as he turned on the other side, and went to sleep.

Most of the other gentlemen, however, raised their heads for a moment, to see what was going on, and then deposited them as before, in silent resignation. But one individual, with more nerves than fortitude, bounced out of bed, dressed himself in a passion, swore there was no such thing as sleeping there, and went out of the room in a huff. This exploit had an electric effect upon the melancholy spectators, and a general laugh, which awoke all the basement story, was the result. For some minutes afterward the merriment was truly appalling. Jokes, mingled with complaints, were heard in every direction, and the uproar soon became universal. Silence, however, was at length restored ; but all symptoms of repose had vanished with the delusion that gave them birth. The poor Frenchman, however, whose slumbers had been sadly broken by the nervous man, had turned himself upside down, and had actually gone to sleep once more ! He began to breathe hard,

and, finally, to snore—and *such* a snore!—it was enough to have awakened the dead! There was no such thing as standing *that*. The equanimity of his immediate neighbour—a drowsy fellow, who, on first lying down, said he was resolved to “sleep in spite of thunder”—was the first to give way. He sprang bolt upright, hastily clapt both hands over his ears, and called out, at the top of his compass, for the Frenchman to discontinue “that diabolical and dreadful noise.” Up jumped the red nightcap, rubbing its eyes in mute astonishment. After hearing the heavy charge against it, with “a countenance more in sorrow than in anger,” and making every apology in its power for the unintentional outrage it had committed, down it sunk once more upon the pillow, and glided away into the land of Nod. But new annoyances awaited my poor Frenchman; for scarcely had this event happened, when the door was flung open, and in came a gentleman from Cahawba, with a fierce-looking broad-brimmed hat upon his pericranium, that attracted general attention, and struck awe and consternation to the hearts of all beholders. He straddled himself into the middle of the floor, thrust both hands into his breeches pockets, pressed his lips firmly together, and cast his eyes deliberately around the apartment, with the expression of one who intended to insist upon his rights.

“Which is number ten?” he demanded, in a tone



which startled all the tenants of the basement story. "Ah, I perceive!" continued he, approaching the Frenchman, and laying violent hands upon him. "There's some mistake here. A man in my bed, hey? Well, let us see what he's made of. Look here, stranger, you're in the wrong box! You've tumbled into my bed—so you must shift your quarters."

Who shall depict the Frenchman's countenance, as he slowly raised his head, half opened his drooping organs of vision, and took an oblique squint at the gentleman from Cahawba!

"You are in the wrong bed," repeated he of the hat—"number ten is my property; yonder is yours, so have the politeness just to hop out."

The Frenchman was resigned to his fate, and gathering himself together, transported his mortal

remains to the vacant bed, without the slightest resistance, and in eloquent silence. It was very evident to him, as well as the rest of us, that there was no withstanding the persuasions of his new acquaintance, who had a fist like a mallet, and who swore that he always carried loaded pistols in his pocket, to be ready for any emergency. The inhabitants of the basement would have screamed outright this time, but for prudential considerations, for the gentleman from Cahawba realized the description of the "determined dog," mentioned in the comedy, who "lived next door to a churchyard, killed a man a day, and buried his own dead." Was this, then, a man to be trifled with? Certainly not. Better to cram the sheets down your throat, and run the risk of suffocation from suppressed laughter, than to encounter the displeasure of a person who wears *such* a hat. They are always to be avoided.

But to return to the Frenchman. He was no sooner in his new resting-place, than John came to inform him that his champaign and oysters were ready. Like one in a dream he arose, sat upon the side of the bed, and slowly dressed himself, without a single murmur at his great disappointment. He had hardly finished, when the steamboat bell sounded among the highlands, and he received the gratifying intelligence, that in consequence of the time he had lost in dressing, he had none left to eat his

supper—and that, if he did not hurry, he would be too late for the boat! At this, he arose—yawned—stretched his person out at full length, and, with the ejaculation—“I shall get some leetle sleeps nevare”—bid us good-night, and slowly took his leave.



SKETCHES FROM THE SPRINGS.

LETTER THREE.



SKETCHES FROM THE SPRINGS.

LETTER III.

I drank—I liked it not.—*Prior.*

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive
For things that are not to be remedied.—*Shakspeare.*

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart.—*Shakspeare.*

SARATOGA, *August*, 1833.

EARLY rising, active exercise, country air, and the Congress Spring have done, are doing, and will continue to do wonders for invalids. They are all excellent in their way ; but to produce a beneficial effect upon weak nerves and debilitated constitutions, they must be enjoyed in moderation. Nothing is more true than that all excess is hurtful ; and nothing, one would suppose, is more self-evident : yet many people in delicate health go to Saratoga under the impression, it would seem, that the more water they drink, the faster they will get well.—

Some of the visitors are in the habit of swallowing fifteen, twenty, thirty, and even forty glasses every morning before breakfast ! The result of such imprudence can, of course, be easily foreseen. Instead of getting the better of their several complaints, they daily grow worse, and are not unfrequently compelled to abandon the use of the waters altogether, for want of proper caution in the first instance. The resident physician at the Springs, as every body knows, is an able practitioner, a man of science, and a well-bred gentleman. We were seated one morning, during the present season, in his study, when an individual knocked at the door, and immediately gained admittance. He was a large, fat, unwieldy piece of humanity from the south, with a face like the full moon just rising, and had the appearance of one "who could kill an ox with his fist, and pick his teeth with its horns." But, alas ! appearances are deceitful ; my man mountain was sadly out of repair, and could do no such thing. A chronic affection of his stomach embittered all his days, and his doctor had sent him to the Springs for relief. Every other remedy had been tried, but to little or no purpose. The waters then were his only reliance, his last resort. If they failed him, his case was hopeless—his disease incurable. Accordingly, on his arrival, he had taken to hard drink, like a brave fellow ; but finding, to his unutterable astonishment

and confusion, after a whole week's melancholy experience, that the mineral fluids had done him an infinite deal of mischief, and not the least discernible good, he had now repaired to the apartment of the resident physician, entirely out of humour with the waters, himself, and all the world besides, and in utter despair. No wonder, then, that he was angry, or that he should frown indignantly on coming into the presence of the learned professor of the healing art. Placing his cane against the wall, in a firm and decided manner, and tossing his hat upon the table with a peculiar emphasis, he threw himself into a chair with a thumping whack ; then taking a blue and white handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped the perspiration from his face, crossed his legs, folded his arms, compressed his lips, and eyed the doctor from head to foot, with mingled feelings of scorn and indignation.

“ So,” said he, at length, “ you’re a doctor, are you ?”

“ At your service, sir. May I ask who you are ?”

“ Oh, certainly, I am a man that has come six hundred miles, like a blockhead, in compliance with the advice of a quack-doctor, to drink your infernal waters—and they’ve made me worse—that’s who I am. Now, what do you say to that, hey ?”

“ Why,” replied the doctor, with his usual good-nature, and without allowing himself to be disturbed

in the least, by the abrupt deportment of his new acquaintance; "why, my friend, that I am very sorry for it. But what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, sir, I'm in pain all over."

"Indeed; what are your symptoms?"

"I've every symptom you ever heard of."

"That's bad."

"Bad!" said the man with a stomach, "it's infernal—it's diabolical—it will be the death of me!"

"In pain all over, you say?"

"Yes, all over, I tell you!"

"Any pain in your foot?"

"Well, I don't exactly know as to that," said the gentleman from the south, evidently drawing in his horns.

"If you had any there, would you not be likely to know it?" pursued the doctor, mildly.

"Well, I suppose I should."

"Then, you have no pain in your foot?"

"Why, no."

"Then, what do you mean by pain all over?"

The patient would have explained; but the doctor went on with his professional cross-examination.

"And how many tumblers of water do you drink a day?"

"Why, I began moderately. When I first came I only took eight; but I have increased the quantity every-day, and, this morning I got down thirty-two."

“Thirty-two?” repeated the doctor, coolly, but with evident surprise. “Only thirty-two? Then permit me, my friend, to remark that you have not taken——”

The man from the south interrupted him—he would hear no more—he thought the doctor was going to tell him he had not taken half enough—and the idea made him shudder.

“Now stop, doctor; stop, I beseech you. That’s all very true, what you’re going to say. I know it. If I must die, I must; but I can’t drink more than thirty-two tumblers, any way under heavens—nor will I attempt it, happen what may!”

It is unnecessary to give the remainder of the dialogue. The reader has sufficient to show him with what views some people visit the Springs, and how little they know of the properties and effects of the waters. This, however, is only one of a thousand similar instances. The invalid in question—for such he really was, notwithstanding his enormous bulk and jolly round physiognomy—was soon convinced of the absolute absurdity of the course he had been pursuing; and, after listening to a little salutary advice, which, we make no doubt, will be of service to him during the remainder of his life, took his leave, with the resolution to become a more temperate man in future. We saw him again, about a fortnight after the conversation here recorded, and

were gratified to learn, that, by following a few simple directions, his "pain all over" had entirely disappeared, and that he was a new creature, or, to use his own expression, "as good as new." He looked the picture of perfect health, and said he felt as well as he looked.

"Then you have changed your opinion of the waters?"

"Entirely. They have acted upon me like a charm. But no man should touch them, until he has first received the advice and directions of some competent physician."

"True, and this simple fact it would do no harm for all to bear in mind who visit the Springs."



A LETTER AND A POEM.



LETTER TO HENRY RUSSELL.

He turned him from the spot—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome.—*Byron.*

NEW-YORK, *February 1, 1837.*

MY DEAR SIR—You did me the honour to request some lines of mine for musick ; and, at the moment, being delighted with your fine voice and exquisite taste in singing, I said I would write you a song. Now, I think with the author of the Hunchback, that a promise given, when it can be kept, admits not of release, “ save by consent or forfeiture of those who hold it,” and I have been as good as my word, as you will perceive by the enclosure of “ The Woodman.”

I hope it will answer your purpose. Let me tell you how I came to choose an old tree for my subject. Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently come, he invited me to turn down a little romantick woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale.

“Your object?” inquired I.

“Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father’s.”

“The place is yours then?” said I.

“No, my poor mother sold it;” and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection of that circumstance. “Dear mother!” resumed my companion, “we passed many happy, happy days, in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage—all, all, gone;” and a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes as he spoke. But after a moment’s pause, he added, “Don’t think me foolish; I don’t know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. I often listened to the good counsel of my parents there, and I have

had *such* gambols with my sisters ! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to half its advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer ; but I like it full as well in very winter time." These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, " There it is !" and he sprang from his saddle and ran toward it. I soon overtook him, wondering at his haste ; but what met my sight, made it no wonder. Near the tree stood an old man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage.

" What are you doing ?"

" What's that to you," was the reply.

" A little matter, but not much—you're not going to cut that tree down surely ?"

" Yes, but I am though," said the woodman.

" What for," inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion.

" What for ? why, because I think proper to do so. What for ? I like that ! Well, I'll tell you what for ; this tree makes my dwelling unhealthy ; it stands too near the house ; prevents the moisture from exhaling, and renders us liable to fever-and-ague."

" Who told you that ?"

" Dr. Smith."

" Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down ?"

"Yes, I am getting old, the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn."

He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever-and-ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in the neighbourhood; and then was asked what the tree was worth for firewood?

"Why, when it is down about ten dollars."

"Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand?"

"Yes."

"You are sure of that?"

"Positive."

"Then give me a bond to that effect."

I drew it up; it was witnessed by his daughter, the money was paid, and we left the place, with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the turnpike, and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a strong impression upon my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you. I hope you will like it, and pardon this long and hurried letter. With sentiments of respect, I remain yours very cordially,

GEO. P. MORRIS.

HENRY RUSSELL, ESQ.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kiss'd me here ;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

LEAVES

FROM

AN EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.



LEAVES FROM A PORTFOLIO.

"A thing of shreds and patches."—*Shakspeare.*

G R O U N D S F O R A D I V O R C E .

"And Love—which, on their bridal eve,
Had promised long to stay—
Forgot his promise—took French leave,
And bore his lamp away."—*Halleck.*

CHARLES T—— was married a few years ago. He was a happy man. His business was a thriving one, and he snapped his fingers, and said he did not care a fig for the presidents, cashiers and directors of all the banks in Christendom, for he owed them nothing; and was not obliged to bow, and stoop, and cringe to them for a discount, as many do now-a-days, until it is quite impossible to stand erect in the presence of an honest man. He had a house in Broadway, near the Bowling-Green, and lived more like a nabob than well becomes a decent republican

in this democrattick country. His wife had been a belle and a beauty ; but, like many others of her sex, she had a will of her own, which she did not lay aside with her bridal garments. Everybody envied Charles his good fortune. Matters went on swimmingly. Charles was a high fellow—fond of his friends—fond of his horses—fond of his dogs—and fond of having his way in everything. He liked company—frequently gave parties at his own house, and attended balls, routs and soirees at those of his neighbours. He was, in short, a fine, gay, dashing spark—full of health and spirits, and in the very bloom of life. Yet, with all his good qualities, Charles T—— had one fault, which his wife endeavoured in vain to correct. He would occasionally stay out until midnight ; and, whenever this occurred, Mrs. T—— met him at the threshold of his own door, with chidings and complaints. Now, Mr. T—— had a touch of Gloster's condition, which " could not brook the spirit of reproof ;" so that the course his wife took to remedy the defect in his character, only made matters worse—and discontent and family bickerings were the result ; frequent wranglings followed, and an open rupture finally ensued ; consequently, in process of time, both husband and wife grew heartily tired of each other. One day a grand entertainment was given at the Astor house, in honour of a distinguished sen-

ator. Charles T——, of course attended. The dinner was excellent—the speeches eloquent—the wines sparkling, and the company even more sparkling than the wine. Charles did not go home that night at all, but arrived at his own door just as St. Paul's clock struck the hour of four. The morning was drear and cold. Not a light was to be seen—not a footstep to be heard—the watchmen were turned in and the gas-lamps were turned out; and, more dismal still, the door of Mr. T——'s dwelling was locked! This had never happened before; and Charles's patriotism gave way to his petulance. He pulled most lustily at the bell—he broke the wire—he dashed the handle on the pavement; but no one answered his summons. He addressed himself to the knocker—rap, rap, r-a-p, and repeated; r-a-p, r—a—p, r-r-a-a-p-p, and again repeated; but all in vain. The inmates were either asleep, or dead—it was not certain which; but it was certain that no one came to his relief. It was striking five o'clock; and an old dunghill cock, in an adjacent stable, had "thrice done salutation to the dawn." The musical timepiece, on the marble mantel in the front room of his own house, was playing the popular air of "How brightly breaks the morning"—but no friendly hand withdrew the bolt that kept him from his bed. This was too bad. Rap, rap, rap, went the knocker once more, and louder than ever.

Up flew the windows of almost every house in the neighbourhood, except his own—and out shot various night-caps and bandanas to inquire what the deuce was the matter? Charles endeavoured to explain, when, with a bitter reproof for disturbing people in their virtuous beds, and for waking them out of their innocent sleep at such unreasonable hours, down went the sashes, and—presto!—the night-caps and bandanas disappeared in less time than you could say Jack Robinson! Charles was boiling over with rage. He tried the window-shutters, the cellar-door, and the grate to the coal-vault, but all to no purpose. Finally, a thought struck him, and he resolved to scale the garden-wall. He repaired to the rear of the house with that intention. While clambering over the bricks, he was arrested by one of the guardians of the night, who had awakened from a delicious nap, just in the nick of time to seize him by the leg and bear him away to the watch-house. Here he remained until day-break, when he was dismissed by Mr. Justice Lownds, with an admonition to keep better hours in future! How the lady explained the matter—how it happened that none of the household heard the bell and knocker—and why a night-latch was added soon after to the front-door, are matters that we know nothing about; and, if we did, they are not worth recording here. We pass over these and other uninteresting particulars for the sake of brevity, and

leave the reader to account for a mysterious advertisement which has recently been published in the Albany Argus, wherein it is set forth that a certain very ill-used lady claims to be divorced from her husband, on the grounds that he is given to late hours and bad company !

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when the times were good. He called at the counting-house a few days since, in a state of agitation not easily described.

“How do you do ?” inquired the merchant.

“Sick—ver sick,” replied monsieur.

“What’s the matter ?”

“De times is de matter.”

“*Detimes?*—what disease is that ?”

“De malaide vat break all de marchants, ver much.”

“Ah—the times, eh?—well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough ; but how do they affect you ?”

“Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidance.”

“In whom ?”

“In everybody.”

“Not in me, I hope ?”

“Pardonnez moi, monsieur ; but I do not know

who to trust à present, when all de marchants break several times, all to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, monsieur, I starve for want of *l'argent*."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I must have him."

"You must?"

"Oui, monsieur," said little dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur, not von other leetle moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank book—drew a check on the good old Chemical for the amount, and handed it to his visiter.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you *de l'argent* in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And it is parfaitement convenient to pay de sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dees times."

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me one leetle favour, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, monsieur, you shall keep *de l'argent* for me some leetle year longer."

"Why, I thought you wanted it."

"*Tout au contraire*. I no vant *de l'argent*—I vant de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much—suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all. *Vous comprenez*, eh?"

After some further conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored, and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

This little sketch has a moral, if the reader has sagacity enough to find it out.

EFFECTS OF INTERRUPTION.

GUIDO had painted a picture that astonished all Florence. It rested upon his easel. It was pro-

nounced his *chef-d'œuvre*. It was almost perfect. Everybody came to see—to admire—to praise it.

“How glorious!” said one.

“It has never been excelled!” said another.

“What atmosphere—what vitality!” said a third.

“And why don’t the group of peasants speak?” said a fourth.

A slight defect was observed in the face of one of them, which was a portrait taken from life. Guido was alone. He sat about remedying the defect. He had mixed the colours—the brush had touched the canvass—he was full of the idea of making the picture “not almost, but altogether” *perfect*, and a bland smile irradiated his fine countenance—when an officer entered his studio and arrested him for debt. Guido rose from his seat and dashed the brush at the unoffending canvass! The picture was ruined for ever!

“What a fretful fool was Guido!” said one.

“How irritable!” said another.

“What a dunce to get into a passion because he was interrupted!” said a third.

“How silly to spoil in a moment the labour of a year!” said a fourth.

“He is not constructed like other men, and is a fool,” said they all.

“Do you paint, friends?” asked a bystander.

“No,” was the reply.

“Then you know nothing of the workings of the mind of an artist, nor can you feel the withering disappointment he endures when, just as he is giving the last touch to a production that is to bring him fame and competence, his golden dream is broken. His imagination takes wings, and that which but a moment before was the aspiration of a bright and burning fancy, when left unfinished and resumed in a more serious mood, becomes a mechanical and weary drudgery. Had Guido been differently constructed, had he been what you have been pleased to call him—a fool—he never would have been able to paint the picture at all.”

THE HUNCHBACK.

DURING the last rehearsal of the play of the Hunchback, Mr. Knowles, who personally superintended the stage-directions, was frequently annoyed by the remarks of the actors. Some of them very much doubted the success of the piece. Charles Kemble thought the part of Sir Thomas Clifford unworthy of his talents; he consented, however, to perform it, for his daughter's sake. This nettled Knowles, who would not listen to a single suggestion.

“Give me another entrance and exit speech,” said Kemble.

“I can add nothing more,” replied Knowles.

"You can't?" exclaimed the actor.

"No!" rejoined the dramatist.

"Give me a few words here," said the first.

"Not a line," said Knowles, "except it be one to hang yourself with."

Here the parties turned from each other, and the business of the stage went on for a few moments longer, when it was again interrupted by Kemble:

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Knowles; but this part absolutely requires an addition: a slight alteration would render the play far more effective. You *must* make another speech for Sir Thomas."

Knowles coloured, and, turning abruptly to "the patrician of the stage," gave vent to his feelings in these terms:—

"Mr. Kemble, brains are not shingles, sir; and—"

"And what, sir?" said Kemble.

"And if they were," rejoined the author, "I am no carpenter!"

Kemble smiled at the oddity of the expression, and Knowles left the theatre in a huff.

"At night, the bickerings of the morning were forgotten—the house was crowded with the beauty, fashion and taste of the English metropolis—the play was applauded and cheered throughout—and the curtain fell amid the most animated applause ever heard within the walls of a theatre. First the author (who, in consequence of the indisposi-

tion of one of the actors, performed the Hunchback,) was called for and made his bow; he was received with loud and hearty cheers—then the fair *debutante*, Miss Fanny Kemble, who had made a deep impression in the character of Julia: the pit arose and testified their approbation, and the waving of handkerchiefs was universal throughout the boxes—and next came Mr. Charles Kemble, who announced the play for repetition, amid most deafening acclamations; and the parties retired, covered with laurels.

“Well,” said Knowles, when they were out of publick view, “what alteration can you suggest now, Mr. Kemble?”

“Nothing in the *text*,” said Kemble; “but I think the *cast* of the piece might be improved.”

“Ah, there,” said Knowles, “I allow you to be a better judge than myself; any suggestion of yours is worth attending to—what is it?”

“Why, sir,” said Kemble, intending to hit poor Knowles in a sensitive part, “I think if Master Walter were in any other hands but your own, the play would go off better!”

Knowles looked confused, and was evidently hurt at the remark; but he immediately rallied his spirits and asked Kemble what fault he had to find with his performance.

“Why, sir,” said Kemble, “you are imperfect

in the words ; and, from this circumstance, it appears that you do not give the true meaning of *the author*."

This retort, strange to say, restored good feeling between the parties ; mutual concessions were exchanged, and the next day all London was loud in praise of the Hunchback !

MAJOR NOAH.

WE remember, as a thing of yesterday, notwithstanding many years have passed away since that merry night, when Mr. Noah's play of "*She would be a soldier*," was first performed ; when bonny Miss Leesugg—now Mrs. Hackett—looked like a Hebe and sung like a nightingale ! She played the principal character ; and, although a spinster then, wore the breeches to the infinite delight and satisfaction of everybody. Barnes was then the merriest dog alive—Simpson was in all his glory, and Pritchard was the *top* tragedian of the Park. We have forgotten who else figured on that memorable occasion ; but one thing we shall never forget ; each one of the audience, on going into the house, was presented with a printed copy of the play. This was a sad annoyance to the poor actors, very few of whom

knew their parts ; and, when the curtain rose, and they perceived that each auditor had a book before him, they were scarcely able to articulate what little they had committed to memory ! The embarrassment was universal and very amusing ; but, when the audience wet their thumbs and turned over the pages together, the effect was ludicrous in the extreme ! The rustling of leaves was prodigious, and the turning of every page was the signal for shouts of boisterous merriment. We have thought of that night a thousand times, and laughed heartily at the recollection of the odd things said and done by Barnes, who was then so great a favourite that he took all manner of liberties with the publick with perfect impunity. The writer of this was a boy at the time, and remembers Major Noah as the great literary and political lion of this the greatest of all possible great cities. He told the best story, rounded the best sentence, and wrote the best play of all his contemporaries. He was the life and spirit and quotation of all circles. As editor, critick, and author, he was looked up to as an oracle. He was, in short, the *idoneus homo* of that day. His wit was everywhere repeated, and his kindheartedness—which, by-the-by, to this very hour has never forsaken him—was the theme of every tongue. He was soon afterwards appointed sheriff, and the only reason ever given for turning him out was, that “the people

thought it *devilish* hard that a Jew should hang a Christian!" "Pretty christians, forsooth!" said the facetious major in his newspaper, "whose crimes have sent them to the gallows!" While in office, Major Noah wrote several other pieces for the stage, which were eminently successful. One of them was so redolent of villanous saltpetre, brimstone, sulphur, and blue and red lights, that it set fire to the theatre and burnt it to the ground! The proceeds of that night were for the benefit of Major Noah. The house was filled to its utmost limits with the beauty and fashion of the town. Oh the cheerful hearts and radiant faces of that merry occasion! and oh the applause and hilarity of all the mad wags and wits that were present! The receipts were nearly two thousand dollars—a larger sum than is ever seen for the performance of a single evening in these degenerate days of paper currency and empty pockets. It was an awful conflagration that succeeded however, and it produced the greatest distress among the kings and knights, princes and pickpockets, baronets and banditti, and all the other heroes of the sock and buskin, who lost every thing they had, and were thrown entirely out of employment until the opening of the Anthony-street theatre. Their drooping fortunes were here revived by the first appearance of Kean, that aloe-tree of the dramatick groves, which blooms but once in a hundred years. Major Noah's two thousand

dollars, however, were saved. Mr. Faulkner, the treasurer, had taken the money home with him for safe keeping, and the next day Mr. Price enclosed it to the author. We remember the correspondence that ensued, and we were struck with the generosity and magnanimity of Noah, who, notwithstanding his own pecuniary wants, and they were many at the time, returned every fraction of the amount, and caused it to be divided among the performers, who had been stripped of their little all by the fire ! This noble act made a deep impression upon the mind of the writer of this, who, after the lapse of a little lifetime, feels an emotion about the heart, while he records it in these fugitive pages ; thinking, perhaps, that it may serve as a hint to Mr. Dunlap, or some other historian of the stage, as raw material for a more elaborate sketch of one who has done much for the drama and its professors in this country. We could tell a thousand anecdotes of the good major, but we forego the pleasure for the present. The truth is, we merely intended to refer to the fact that a new play of his was forthcoming, and our feelings, almost against our will, betrayed us into what has followed. If we have given " fancy the whip, imagination the reins, while system came limping behind," his good nature will excuse us ; and so will our citizens for writing about one we have known so long and intimately, with something like a heart-glow.

THE ACTORS AND THE BROKERS.

"Oh, that infernal Jacob Barker!"

SOME nine years since, Barnes and Hackett, the comedians, met in Wall-street. Barnes was in a towering fury, for he had just heard of the loss of some two or three thousand dollars, in consequence of the failure of the Tradesmen's Bank, and other little misfortunes of that kind. The following dialogue is authentick :

Barnes.—Hallo, Hackett! here, just step into the Union Bank with me: I want to get my dividend.

Hackett.—With pleasure. Why, what a great stockholder you are becoming in the banks.

Barnes.—Oh, confound them. I suppose you have heard of my losses in the Tradesmen?

Hackett.—Yes, and am very sorry for them.

Barnes.—It's all along with that infernal Jacob Barker!

Hackett.—Indeed.

Barnes.—Yes, I'd have that fellow hanged: but let's go in for my dividend.

And in the comedians went together.

Barnes called on the first teller, and told him he wanted his dividend. The first teller referred him to the president, an old gray-headed gentleman, who stood behind the counter.

Barnes.—Called for my dividend, sir.

President.—For your what?

Barnes.—My dividend.

President.—Beg your pardon sir; but what is your name?

Barnes.—Mr. Barnes.

Upon the avowal of this fact every clerk in the bank turned to look at the comedian, who was unknown until the announcement of his name. Upon which there was a general titter throughout the bank, everybody being well acquainted with "old Barnes," as he was called upon the stage.

President.—Mr. Barnes, we do not make any dividend for the last six months.

Barnes.—No! why, what the devil's the reason?

President.—Why, haven't you heard of the forgery on the bank, and the arrest of Redmond?

Barnes.—No; haven't heard a syllable of it; but I want my dividend. You're not going to swindle me out of that, I hope! Oh, that infernal Jacob Barker!

President.—Mr. Barker has nothing to do with this institution, Mr. Barnes, and we can't make any dividend until we recover our late losses.

Barnes.—Then, sir, you are all a set of swindlers—beg your pardon—heaven forgive me for getting angry—but I believe you are all as bad as Jacob Barker himself—all in the plot. No dividend, eh!

President.—No, not a cent.

Barnes.—Well, I hope my principal's safe?

President.—Certainly.

Barnes.—Well, that's better than the Tradesmen's. Oh, that infernal Jacob Barker! Good-day, sir. Come, Hackett.

And the parties left the bank amid the general titter of all present. On going out Barnes turned to Hackett:

Barnes.—Didn't I give it to that old fellow?

Hackett.—Yes, I think you did.

Barnes.—Well, there's some comfort in speaking one's mind. Oh, that infernal Jacob Barker! I should like to tell him my opinion.

Hackett.—What makes you so angry with Jacob Barker?

Barnes.—Why, all these failures are owing to him. Didn't he advise me to buy in the Tradesmen and the Union, merely to swindle me out of my money? I wish I could only see him now. Hollo!—yonder he goes!—Hollo!—Jacob Barker!—here!—I want to speak to you.

Barnes and Hackett ran after him at the top of their speed, and soon overtook the wily broker.

Barker.—Why, Mr. Barnes, what's the matter?

Barnes.—Why, matter enough. How came you to advise me to buy stock in the Tradesman and Union Banks?

Barker.—Why, I thought the stock good at the time.

Barnes.—Well, one's failed and the other has had a forgery committed upon it.

Barker.—And so you've lost your money.

Barnes.—Exactly.

Barker.—I'm sorry to hear it ; but you must bear your losses like a Christian.

Barnes.—Well, that's cool !

Barker.—Yes, Mr. Barnes, I'm always cool—and I advise you to keep so too. But I'm too busy to waste my time with you just now. I've important business on hand ; so good-by.

Barker went on his way, leaving poor Barnes almost choking with rage at the remembrance of his losses. He was absolutely too angry to utter a syllable at the moment ; but as soon as he recovered the use of his tongue he bawled after him, at the top of his compass—

Barnes.—Good-by, old Shylock ! The day you die there'll be a man hung ! Oh, that infernal Jacob Barker !

(Exit Barnes in a huff—and Hackett convulsed with laughter.)

HILSON AND PAUL PRY.

"It is a singular fact, but nevertheless eminently true, that of all persons, actors in general are the worst judges of an unacted play. It was given in evidence, before the committee of the House of Commons *anent* Dramatick Affairs, that the plays which, by the unanimous consent of the green-room, had been esteemed to be all that they ought to be, were, on the first night of representation, almost uniformly condemned."—*Sunbeam*.

WE remember, on the first announcement of "Paul Pry" at the Park theatre, meeting with Hilson just as he was coming out of the house after rehearsal.

"Well," said we, "what sort of a piece is Paul Pry?"

"Poor stuff," said Hilson. "It won't do."

"How do you like your own part?"

"Not at all—it's very heavy: I wonder how Liston made anything of it."

"What sort of a part has Barnes?"

"Not good."

"What will Mrs. Wheatley do with Mrs. Subtle?"

"Nothing—the piece is bad!"

Who would have thought after this, that this same play was performed at the Park by these same performers—Barnes as Colonel Hardy, Hilson as Paul Pry, and Mrs. Wheatley as Mrs. Subtle, upwards of two hundred nights, and that it was decidedly the most popular play ever produced at that theatre?

ORAL ANECDOTES OF WELL-KNOWN INDIVIDUALS.

WHEN Commodore Porter last visited this city, he spent much of his time at the hospitable mansion of the late General Morton, who, as every body knows, was a gentleman of the old school, and a man of very agreeable wit and compliment. The walls of the general's library were graced with various productions of the pencil and graver, and among them full-length portraits of several distinguished naval officers—Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, Morris, and others. The commodore expressed his admiration of the fidelity and effect of these; but said they were too large. "Now, I intend to add my portrait to your collection shortly; but it shall be done in quite a different style."

"Then you do not like these?" said the general.

"Not exactly," replied the commodore; "there's entirely too much canvas."

"That's a very singular objection for you to make," observed the facetious general, directing the attention of his guest to a small picture representing the engagement of the Essex with a frigate and a sloop of war, off Valparaiso, which hung in one corner of the room, "a very singular objection, indeed, when we have before us an evidence that it

will require double the usual quantity of canvas *to take you.*"

There are many good stories in circulation respecting our worthy fellow-citizen, Preserved Fish. This gentleman, in early life, was a sea-captain. One day his vessel was hailed by a brig, when the following dialogue took place :

" Ship a-hoy ?"

" Hallo !"

" Who's your captain ?"

" Preserved Fish."

" Who ?"

" Preserved Fish."

The master of the brig, thinking he was misunderstood, and wondering at the stupidity of the opposite party, again applied the trumpet to his mouth and bawled out,

" I say, mister, I don't want to know what your cargo is ; but what's your captain's n-a-m-e ?"

The late Major Fairlie was a marked, original and peculiar character. When the new constitution of this state was submitted to the people for adoption, they were required to deposite either the word *yes* or *no* in the ballot boxes. There was no accepting the good and rejecting the bad parts of it. No alteration or amendment whatever would be permitted.

It must either be taken as a whole, or not at all. Major F. thought the new document, in many respects, far preferable to the old one, but he did not altogether fancy it as it stood. On being asked his opinion, he said,

“That instrument is like a good oyster, but it’s plaguy hard to be compelled to swallow the shells along with it.”

The pious Mr. —, who, by the way, is suspected of being no better than he should be, notwithstanding all his professions, a short time since rebuked a well-known merchant of this city for using profane language.

“Your discourse is ungentlemanly and impious,” said Mr. —. “You should break yourself of such an abominable practice.”

“I know it,” returned the dealer in cotton-bales and profanity; “but most men fall into some error or other unknown to themselves, yet they are entirely innocent of all intention to do wrong, notwithstanding their little inaccuracies—now I swear a great deal, and you pray a great deal, yet neither of us, I’m confident, means any thing by it.”

When Mr. Lee was mayor of the city of New-York, he happened to be in conversation with a

friend, as the omnibus, called "the Gideon Lee," rolled past.

"I was aware," observed his companion, "that your honour was destined to play many conspicuous parts in the great drama of human life ; but I never expected to see you on the *public stage*!"

No man in this community had a larger circle of acquaintance than the late Doctor Hosack. He stood in Wall-street half an hour one morning, talking with a friend, and almost every body spoke to him as they passed. It is incredible the number of nods and how-d'ye-dos and how-are-yes the worthy physician received in the short space above mentioned. These, however, were so numerous as to induce his friend to remark—

"Why, doctor, you appear to be pretty well known in New-York?"

"Yes," replied the M. D., with a little pardonable self-conceit, "I think, if I were to commit murder, they would find me out."

"Why, yes," returned the other, "except you did it in the way of your profession!"

The doctor, it is said, did not relish the joke.

Doctors are fond of ridiculing each other, and their controversies are at times quite amusing. Now it is well known that the practitioners of the old

school have a mortal antipathy to the disciples of the new. Among your regular Galens, homœopathia is exceedingly unpopular—they scout it on all occasions. A lady called on Dr. Francis, an eminent practitioner, and an adherent of the Sangrado system, with an imaginary complaint of the heart, and was recommended by him in derision to try Dr. Hahnemann's method. "What is that?" asked the invalid. "Why, madam," said he, "it is a sovereign remedy for every complaint under the sun. In your case, I would advise you to dissolve one grain of muriate of soda (common salt) in a hogshead of water, and take a teaspoonful every three months." The lady followed the advice thus given, and strange to say, after two doses, was entirely cured of her complaint, and recommended it to others as a specific in all similar cases. Such is the power of the imagination!

During the "panick" in the money market some few years ago, a meeting of merchants was held in the Exchange, to devise ways and means to extricate themselves from their pecuniary difficulties. The great hall was crowded, addresses were made, resolutions passed, committees appointed, and everything done that is usual and necessary. After all this, one of the company moved that the meeting stand adjourned until some future day, when up

jumped a little jobber, in a great state of excitement, and requested the merchants to linger a moment, as he had something of the greatest importance to communicate. The jobber was known to be a very diffident person ; and, as he had never ventured on the responsibilities of a speech on any former public occasion, all were anxious to hear what he had to say.—“ Gentlemen,” said he, with evident emotion, and in the most emphatic, feeling and eloquent manner, “ what’s the use of talking of some *future* day? We want relief, I tell you !—*immediate* relief!” and down he sat amidst a universal roar of laughter.
The next day he failed !

The late Charles Gilfert, the quondam manager of the Bowery theatre, was a peculiar fellow, and one of the most fascinating men of his day. At Albany he met with a Mr. Lemair, a Frenchman, of whom he borrowed money until he nearly ruined him. Lemair was one day in a towering rage at the cause of his misfortunes, and used to tell the following characteristic story of his friend :—“ Monsieur Charles Gilfert, he come to Albany. He have ruin me in my business—*mes affaires*. He borrow *de l’argent* from me to large amount. He go to New-York, and promise to send him, right away, ver quick. But, *voyez-vous*, when I write him, he return me *von réponse inconvenante*, *von impudent*

answer, and say, I may go to de devil for look for him. I leave Albany instantly, determined to have the grand personal satisfaction for the affront he put upon me. I walk straight away from de *bateau à vapeur*, de steamboat. I go to my boarding-house. I procure von large stick, and rush out of de *pension* to meet him. By-and-by, *bientôt*, I see him von large vay off, very remotely. I immediately button up my coat vith strong determination, and hold my stick fierce in my hand, to break his neck several time. Ven he come near, my indignation rise. He put out his hand. I reject him. He smile, and look over his spectacles at me. I say, you von scoundrel, *coquin infame*. He smile de more, and make *un grand effort*, a great trial, to pacify my grande indignation, and before he leave me, he borrow twenty dollare from me once more, by gar! A ver pleasant man vas Monsieur Charles Gilfert; ver nice man to borrow *l'argent, ma foi!*"

Gilfert, like Sheridan, was in the habit of borrowing money from everybody, very little of which was ever paid back; but he always intended to return it at the time he promised. He was a visionary man, and did not make the best calculations in the world. We heard of his meeting a friend in the Bowery, one day, when the following circumstance took place:

"Ah," said Gilfert, "you are the very man I wanted to see. Lend me two hundred dollars."

"I would, in a moment," replied his friend, "but it is impossible. I have a note to pay, and I don't know where to get the money."

"A note, said Gilfert, "so have I. Let me see your notice."

The gentleman produced it from his pocket-book.

"Well," said Gilfert, "how much are you short?"

"About two hundred dollars," said his friend. To his utter surprise, Gilfert handed him the money.

"There," said he, "go and pay your note. I'll let mine be protested, as they can't both be taken up. If your note laid over, it might hurt your credit, but with me it don't matter, as I am used to that sort of business."

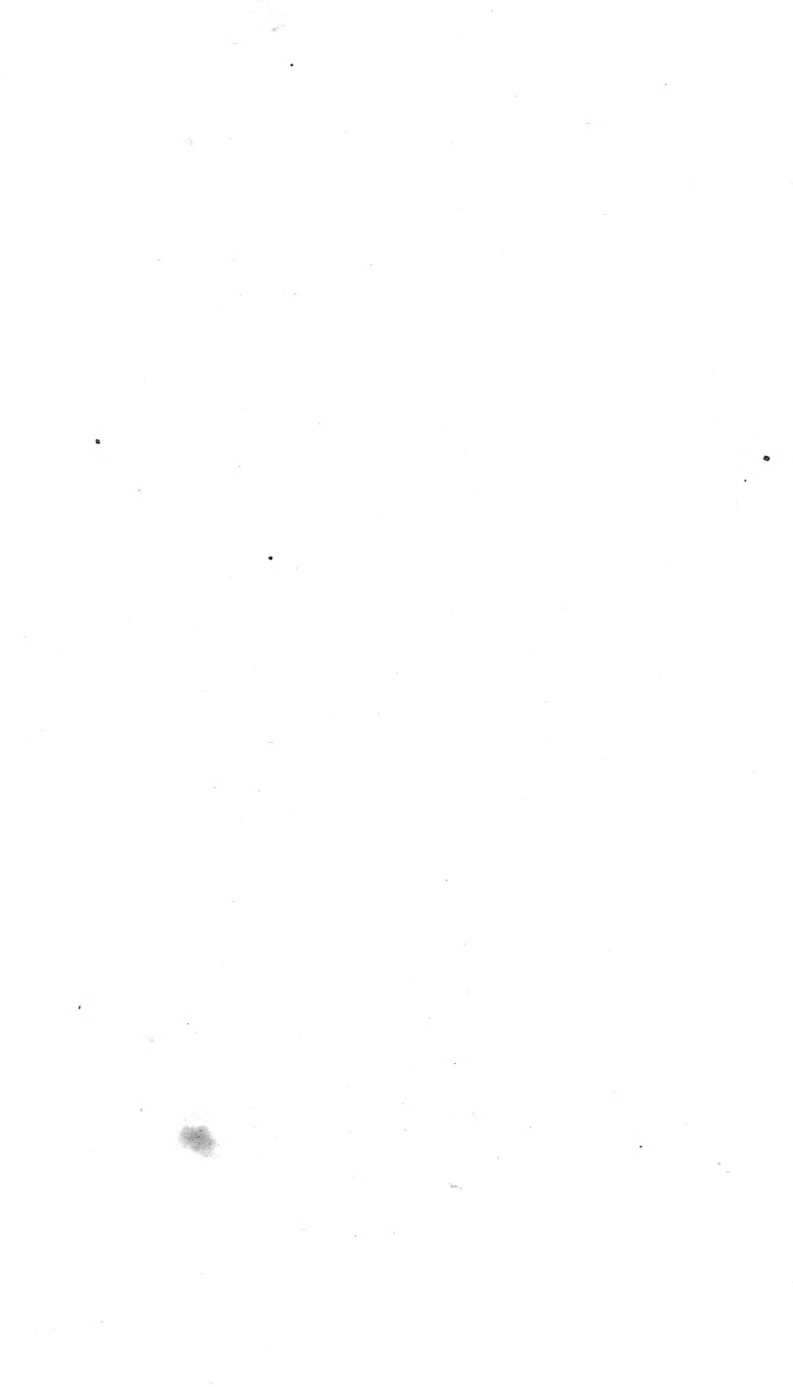
At one time Gilfert owed Conrad, the printer, a bill. Conrad grew tired of dunning him for it, and one day wrote Gilfert a letter, which put the manager in a towering fury. Down he sat, and challenged Conrad to fight, declaring that if he refused, he would horsewhip him in the public streets the next day. Conrad returned for answer that he would not fight, until his bill was paid, as no man in his senses would voluntarily go out to shoot at his own money. Some few weeks after this occurrence, Gilfert had an unexpected windfall. Conrad re-

ceived a letter from him, couched in something like the following terms :

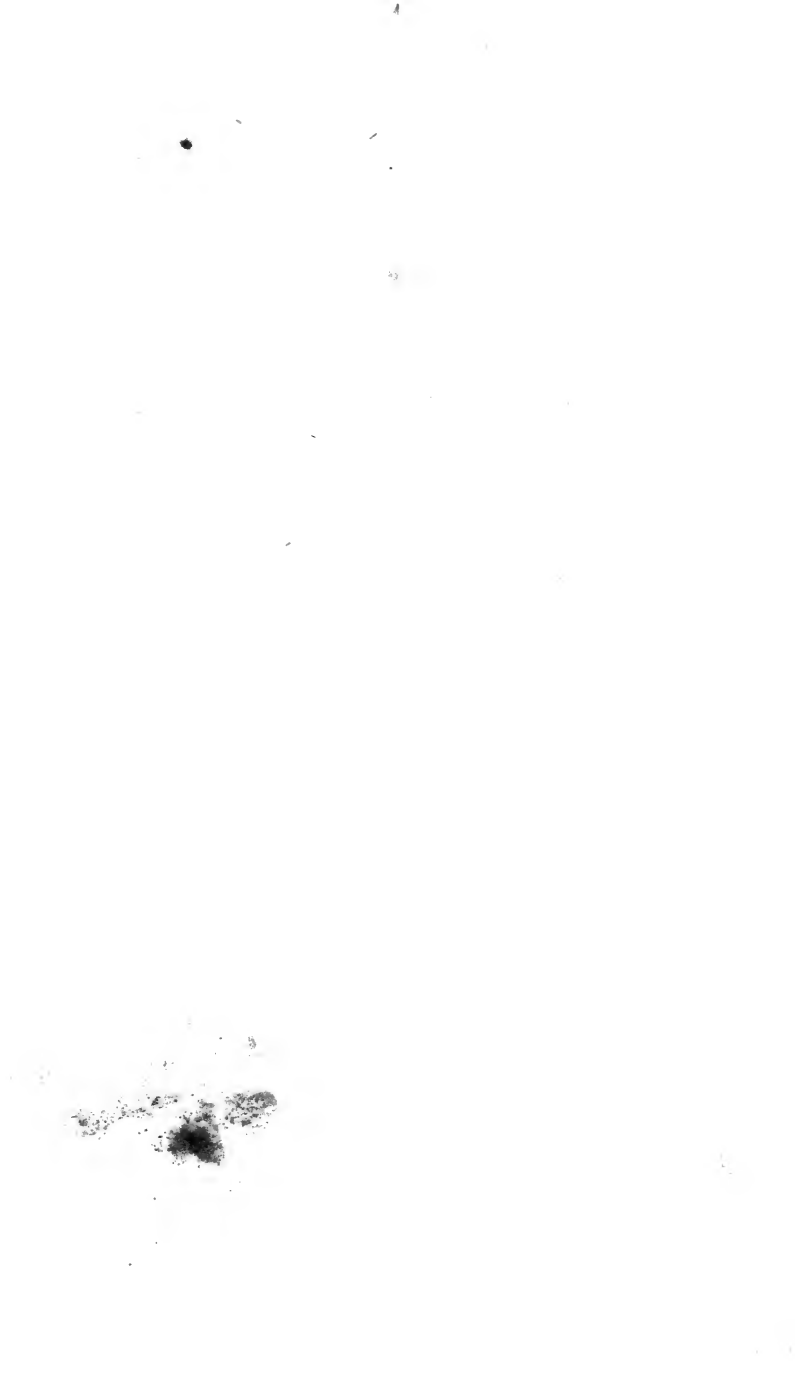
“MY DEAR CONRAD—I was wrong, but you had no right to insult me. Yet I ought to have paid you the money before. I enclose it to you now, principal and interest. Come and dine with me. *Tout à vous.*

GILFERT.”

What a pity it is that some good writer would not give us the memoirs of this extraordinary man.



MR. BEVERLEY LEE.



MR. BEVERLEY LEE;

OR,

THE DAYS OF THE SHIN-PLASTERS.

“Who’s in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen ;
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet show ;
Let but the puppets move, I’ve my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master wire.”—*Churchill*.

“The benefits he sow’d in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase ; and still I glory in it.”—*Massinger*.

“The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.”—*Shakspeare*.

WALL-STREET was in commotion. The pavements of that busy, bustling mart were crowded with brokers, bank-directors, merchants, speculators, politicians, editors, and all the other representatives of the commercial metropolis. Care and anxiety were written on every countenance. It was a time

of unusual embarrassment. Commerce, trade, and all the resources of the country were paralyzed. Discontent and murmurings were heard in every quarter. There was a panic.

“General Jackson had destroyed the country!” said a whig.

“Mr. Biddle has curtailed our discounts!” said a conservative.

“All confidence is lost!” said a reformer.

“And every merchant in New-York must fail!” said a loco-foco.

“We are on the eve of a revolution!” ejaculated a patriotic little stock-jobber, the chairman of a ward meeting; “and if we don’t do away with the government, the government will do away with us; therefore, I say, down with the government!”

“Down with the bank!” responded an administration worthy near him, with equal fervour and patriotism.

“Neither the government nor the bank are answerable for the present condition of things,” said a meddling little secretary of an insurance company, who stepped in as mediator between the contending parties.

“To what is it owing, then?” asked they.

“To the great fire of the sixteenth of December, which destroyed one section of our city and twenty millions of property.”

“Not at all,” said the editor of a political journal, who was supposed to know everything, past, present and to come. “Our calamities are owing to the enormous speculations which have taken place in real estate. We needed a check of some sort. We were buying lots in the moon and laying out lithographic cities in the stars, and the consequence is a revulsion unparalleled in our annals.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the news that some twenty new bankruptcies had occurred among the oldest mercantile houses in the city ; that one bank had stopped payment, and that a run had been commenced on the others. All was confusion and dismay. Individuals were seen hurrying to and fro with bags of coin upon their shoulders, of which they had just been draining the banks. Idle rumours were everywhere circulated.

The president of one of the banks had committed suicide, and others had absconded with the moneys committed to their trust. Mobs were forming to lay waste all the monied institutions of the city, and to tumble the buildings about the ears of their officers. The mayor had called out the military to preserve the public peace. The police patrolled the streets by day, and the watch was doubled by night. The citizens of New-York were in dread of fire and the sword.

The hour of three, P. M., when all business ordi-

narily ceases in Wall-street, at length arrived. The omnibusses, those most convenient things in the world, (only when you want them, particularly on rainy days, they are either full or going the wrong way,) rumbled over the pavements. The multitude began to scatter ; but, long after the money depositories were closed, might be seen lingering around the bulletins of the newspaper-offices, knots of anxious, discontented spirits, talking over the events of the day and anticipating the horrors of the morrow.

It was in one of these little assemblies that Mr. Beverley Lee, a handsome, fashionable, light-hearted young fellow, a contributor to the periodicals and an author of no mean celebrity, became a participator in the all-engrossing conversations of the times. Mivins, an opulent, influential broker, who was accounted "a good man" on 'change, and proudly denominated in that vicinity "a bear," took him by the button, and pointing out the ruins of a building that had fallen to the ground not long before, said,

"That, sir, is now all that remains of those who were nick-named the Rothschilds of this country."

"I am sorry for their misfortunes," said Lee.

"Sorry !" rejoined the broker, "if my wish could be realized, not only they, but all the Jews in New-York should be buried in the ruins."

"Why so ?" said Belmont, a calm, dignified, silvery-haired, feeble old gentleman, who stood next

to Lee, and who had been listening to their discourse without taking any part in it.

“Because,” said Mivins, raising his voice, and clenching his hand with strong emotion, “in my opinion, it’s part of the religious creed of a Jew to cheat a Christian.”

“The Christian religion does not teach you that precept,” said Belmont, mildly, a slight flush passing over his fine countenance as he turned upon his heel to depart.

“Stop, sir,” said Mivins, placing his hand upon the old gentleman’s shoulder and detaining him, “if you mean any thing by what you have just said, you mean to insult me, and thus I resent it,” added he, furiously, spitting upon his garments.

Belmont instantly rushed upon his assailant, and Lee, perceiving his danger, flung himself between the parties just in time to receive the blow aimed at his new acquaintance full upon his own stalworth bosom. A scuffle ensued; but the parties were soon separated. Not, however, until cards had been exchanged, and the residence of each individual ascertained. That evening Mivins was waited upon with a cartel, and a meeting appointed for the morning. Lee did not retire to rest until late that night; his mind was filled with contending emotions. It was the first time his person had ever been profaned by a blow, and he was on the eve of washing out

the stain upon his honour with his blood. Of all characters on earth, he detested that of a duellist most ; but he was young, ardent, and full of those false notions of honour which have deprived the world of some of its brightest ornaments. The few hours that were left him before the meeting, were employed in making his testament, and in writing to one who was dearer to him than life. To her he enclosed a lock of his hair, and a tear fell upon its glossy brightness at the thought that they might never meet again.

At the break of day, which was cold, comfortless and misty, two small boats were seen shooting across the Hudson river towards the Jersey shore. They arrived at nearly the same time. Lee and Mivins stood upon the bloodstained spot where Hamilton fell. As the parties were about taking their stations, they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the venerable Belmont, who had been the innocent cause of their meeting. Approaching Lee, he said—

“ Young man, this quarrel is mine ;” and, turning to Mivins, he continued, “ from you, sir, I expect atonement for the affront you offered me yesterday.”

“ I came here,” replied Mivins, “ to fight, not to talk. Finding myself in the wrong, however, I am willing to make such atonement as is in my power. Of you, sir, I ask pardon for what was done in a

moment of excitement, and which, I hope, your generosity will forgive."

Mr. Belmont received his apology, and they approached Mr. Lee, who stood pistol in hand, waiting the result of their conversation.

"Mr. Lee," said the broker, "if a voluntary apology will be accepted by you for an insult which I certainly never intended, I am prepared to make one."

"Proceed, sir," said Lee.

"The blow, sir, was not directed at you, but at this gentleman. I sincerely regret what has happened; and as an evidence of my conviction that I was to blame, allow me to state in the presence of these gentlemen, that had not this interruption taken place, I intended to have received your fire unreturned; and, if I were living, to have made the concessions which I now freely tender."

Lee took the broker's proffered hand, and they all returned to the boat of Mr. Belmont. When they were seated, Belmont said to Mr. Lee—

"You, sir, have done me a service, and I have registered it, 'where every day I'll turn the leaf to read it.' Like the Indian missionary, 'injuries I write on sand, but benefits upon marble.'"

Lee did not reply; but there was something in Mr. Belmont's tone and manner that strangely interested him, and he returned the pressure of his hand with all the warmth of glowing friendship.



But little of moment occurred on the water except meeting, when about half way across, a mysterious looking craft running foul of a schooner in the mist, which it was afterwards ascertained contained the burly person of Old Hays and a posse of police officers, making their clumsy way to the scene of action ; but, as usual, these worthies were too late to prevent the violation of the law or a breach of the peace.

After the veritable events, which, like faithful chroniclers we have just recorded, a scene of confusion took place in the city of New-York which baffles all description. The banks suspended specie payments ; gold and silver were at a high premium. The town was inundated with a species of small pa-

per currency, issued by every individual wishing to *make money*, specimens of which have been preserved as curiosities to the present day. These were small pieces of pasteboard, commonly called "shin-plasters," having printed thereon in Roman capitals, "good for six and a quarter cents," or any other sum which seemed *good* to the person issuing the same, and having his own christian and surname legibly written in the right hand corner of the paper. These circulated as freely among the community as omnibus tickets or bank notes, and possessed really about as much intrinsic value.

The term shin-plaster originated with an old soldier of the revolutionary war, who, after fighting the battles of his country, was left to penury and want by a government, who paid him for his services in what was commonly denominated, "continental money," which, after the peace, it refused to redeem. This old soldier had received a wound upon the leg at the battle of "Bunker Hill;" and believing that the money was printed upon paper of an *adhesive* quality, and knowing it to be good for nothing else, he was in the habit of dressing his wound with the rags, and calling them "shin plasters;" hence the name, which will always stick to them to the end of the world.



The city, as we said, was in commotion. The inhabitants seemed beside themselves. Every one appeared to be acting a part in the great comedy of "Frightened to Death." The example set by the merchant was followed by all other classes. Stopping payment was universal. All business was at a stand still. Men assembled in clusters on the corners of the streets. Argument ran high, and the everlasting words of General Jackson—Tammany-Hall—The Monster—Bribery and Corruption—Nick Biddle—Veto—Pewter Mug—Ruin—Loco-Foco—Real Estate—Henry Clay—The People—Fanny Wright—and other villanous compounds of the alphabet, were

dinned into the ears of all who would listen to them. Enormous hand-bills were posted about the city, calling public-meetings in the Park. Committees were appointed to go to Washington and Albany. Processions of tatterdemalions moved through the streets with bands of music and colours flying. Those who had notes to pay were shinning it to borrow the money. If they succeeded, the notes were paid; if not, they were laid over, and nothing more was thought of the matter. Men of all professions, callings, and occupations, were idle, except the notaries, who fattened on the distresses of all around them, and were busy from the time the banks closed until late in the evening, protesting the notes of all unfortunate makers of the same who were unable to cancel them as they had promised.

Woful were the misgivings of the merchants; woful were the forebodings of the mechanic; and woful were the apprehensions and countenances of all misguided victims who had speculated in building lots and lithographic cities!

Mr. Beverley Lee, we are sorry to say, was one of this latter class. On his leaving college, he came into possession of fifty thousand dollars. Being an embryo author, whose craft taught him to build castles in the air—a man of fancy—young, ardent, and inexperienced, and hearing what immense fortunes

had been amassed by speculating in lots, in an evil hour he attended a sale of real estate at the "Merchants Exchange."

He bought lots on the Avenues—he bought lots at Harlem—he bought lots at New-Brighton—he bought lots at Skaneateles—he bought lots at Jamaica—he bought lots at Buffalo—he bought lots at Cahawba—he bought lots in Texas—and, in short, he bought lots everywhere. He had building lots, and water lots, and all sorts of lots. He was the owner of towns, villages, and counties.

To obtain these invaluable privileges, he had paid every farthing of his fifty thousand dollars, had given his notes for several hundred thousand, and mortgaged his estate to an unimaginable amount. He was a great landholder—one of the lords of the soil. His word was good on 'change. Bank directors took their hats off to him. Dealers in fancy stock greeted him with smiles; and Mr. Beverley Lee was a man estimated to be worth millions of dollars. While this delusion lasted, everything went on swimmingly. What the people thought of Mr. Beverley Lee, Mr. Beverley Lee thought of himself. It was an exceedingly agreeable thing to be rich—*very* rich, enormously rich, and to become so too all of a sudden, and without the least exertion. Mr. Beverley Lee purchased a town-house, a country-house, a villa on the banks of the Hudson, and

he embellished his mansions with gorgeous furniture. He gave entertainments to his friends, and regaled them with costly viands. He rolled in riches. It was pleasant—*very*.

Time, however, that rigid schoolmaster, taught Mr. Beverley Lee a lesson, which it would have been better for him had he sooner learned. He knew he became suddenly rich, but it never occurred to him that he might become suddenly poor. True, he had read that riches take to themselves wings and fly away ; but he had read that passage as applicable to other men, not to himself. When the veto came, he opened his eyes, and began to look about him. He feared there would be a storm, but he did not look for a tornado. First came the assessors, and demanded of him a thumping sum of money for opening streets and improving his property. This Mr. Beverley Lee paid, thinking it very kind in them to take such good care of his interests, considering he had not the honour of their acquaintance. Next came the tax-gatherers, with large demands; which Mr. Beverley Lee cancelled with rather a sorry grace. Then came the holders of mortgages for their interest, which drained Mr. Beverley Lee of his last shilling, and he was obliged to have recourse to the banks for a new discount to keep up appearances.

This he readily obtained, and things went on very well with Mr. Beverley Lee, until the banks were compelled to deny him further favours. Then his difficulties began to thicken. The notes he had given for his property fell due one after the other, and were protested. He walked the auctioneer, and began to knock down his beautiful furniture, his library, his racing-stud, his country-house, his town-house, and everything that was his, real or imaginary. His lots, building and water, reverted to their original owners; and Mr. Beverley Lee, was, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six, obliged to “*waddle*” out of Wall-street as “*lame a duck*” as was ever hatched in that nest of disappointment and speculation.

In an elegantly finished mansion near the Battery, about a year after the events just related, a family were seated round the evening fireside. Emily Withers was reclining on an ottoman, listening to the conversation of her parents and Mr. Larence Payne, a young attorney of small practice, but large expectations, who professed a great regard for the Withers in general, and the young lady in particular, who had on several occasions given him the most unequivocal proofs of her utter aversion. He, however, was not easily discouraged, and continued his visits, in the hopes of one day possessing not only

the heart, but, what was of more consequence to him, the fortune of the lady.

Emily, was a lovely, dark-eyed girl, perfect in form and feature, and the reigning belle and beauty of the town. She was an only child, and the sole hope of her fond and doating parents. She was very beautiful, and throngs of admirers had sought her hand in vain. On her first entrance into society, she was a light-hearted, merry creature, full of mirth and good-humour; but of late and wherefore, none could tell, a sad depressing melancholy had taken possession of her thoughts; and, as she leaned her head upon her hand, which was buried in her luxuriant tresses, the most casual might observe that all was not at ease about her heart. She was listening, we said, to the conversation; and when Mr. Lee's name was mentioned, a crimson flush stole over the pearly texture of her face and bosom, which spoke more truly than words, that she listened with an interest she in vain endeavoured to conceal.

"I do not think," said Mr. Withers, "that Mr. Lee is the man you represent him."

"I am sure he is not," said his wife; and the eyes of Emily kindled with emotion as her mother spoke.

"What!" said Payne, "did he not cheat all his creditors, and run away?"

"I have heard that his failure was owing to the fall of real estate," said Mr. Withers.

“And from whom did you hear that?” inquired Payne.

“From my friend Mivens, the broker, with whom you may recollect he had a duel, which—”

“Ended in smoke,” said the attorney, with a smirk, intended to convey a stronger meaning than his words expressed.

“Yet, in that affair, Mivins said he behaved like a man of the strictest honour.”

“Honour!” said the attorney, emphatically; yet, at the same time, drawling out the word Iago-like, as ‘though there was some hidden monster in his thought.’

“Yes, sir, honour. Mivins says that affair bound him to Lee for ever, and that he would endorse his honour with his life. He also declared that, when he heard of Lee’s embarrassments, he would have assisted him to the utmost extent of his means, if he could have found him; but he had disappeared, and no one knew whither he had gone.”

“Mivins, you know, my dear,” said he to his wife, “though an impetuous, hasty man, has a noble, generous heart.”

“He has, indeed, my dear,” replied Mrs. Withers. During the last part of this conversation, Emily had, unperceived by any one, unfolded a small billet-doux, which contained a lock of dark glossy hair; and a liquid pearl shot into her eye as she recalled

the image of him who had sent it, and read over the kind words of affection that accompanied the treasured relick. Looking up, she noticed that the eyes of the attorney were riveted upon her; she hastily concealed the note in her bosom, and turned upon him a glance of cold contempt and indignation.

“Do you know, Mr. Payne,” inquired Mrs. Withers, “what became of Mr. Lee after his failure?”

“I know nothing more than I have told you,” said Payne. “I could not keep the run of him. He gave me leg-bail for the last suit I brought against him, which I believe was all the bail he had to give. I wish I could catch him now.”

“What for?” asked Withers.

“To lock him up.”

“Why?”

“Because I never liked him.”

“What offence has he given you?”

“None; but I always considered him a man of shallow parts—a self-conceited, inflated coxcomb—a bankrupt, who defrauded honest people out of their just demands, and who proved himself a coward, by running away from those whom he had not the courage to face.”

Emily rose from her seat, her eyes flashing fire, and her lip quivering like a rose-leaf in a storm.

“Silence, sir! I wonder you do not blush to slander the innocent in their absence. I am ashamed to

have remained here so long to hear him abused. 'A man of shallow parts!' If you possessed but a moiety of his mind, you might be a gentleman. 'A coward,' sir! It would be more than your pernicious soul is worth, to breathe that in his presence. O shame upon you, to make his misfortunes your triumph! I'll not hear you, sir," continued Emily, as the crest-fallen attorney was about to reply. "You have slandered the absent, and insulted those present; and I wonder my parents have listened to you so long." As she spoke these words, she quitted the apartment, leaving her father and mother in mute astonishment, and the attorney riveted to the spot.

The feelings of Payne may be imagined. He had missed the mark at which he aimed, and wounded the heart he hoped to win. He left the house shortly afterwards sunk in his own estimation, and seriously meditating a jaunt to Texas.

On the following afternoon, just before five, the wharf at the foot of Courtlandt-street was filled with people of all descriptions, making their way out of the city. It was near the hour for the departure of the steamboats, and consequently carts, carriages, and omnibusses—men, women, and children—wheelbarrows, porters, carriers and news-boys, were crowded together promiscuously.

"Here's the Courier and Enquirer, sir."

"Here's the Star, sir; buy the good old major, sir, for a trifle."

"Three Americans for sixpence, sir."

"Sun, Transcript, Herald, and New Era."

"Baggage for West-Point, sir."

"That's your bandbox, ma'am, which the porter smashed. I'll take care of it for you, ma'am."

"Do, Peter, that's a good lad."

"All ashore that's going."

"Haul in the plank."

Whiz—phiz—whiz.

"Let go that line—haul in."

And away darted the North America, like a foaming steed let loose, boldly and gallantly, out into the sparkling river.

Ding-a-ling-a-ling—"All those as has not settled their fare, step to the capting's office and do it there." Ding-a-ling.

And by the time the passage is paid and the luggage recovered, the passengers find themselves splashing and dashing beneath the Palisades, some miles on their way to Albany.

The departure of the steamboats from the city, on a clear summer's afternoon, is a beautiful sight. They all leave at the same hour, and they shoot from the innumerable piers out into the glassy stream in such numbers, that one would think half the popu-

lation were slipping away, and wonder how it is they are not missed from the metropolis.

Among those on board the North America, were Mr. and Mrs. Withers and their lovely daughter, who had just commenced the fashionable tour of the season. But their presence was forgotten or unnoticed, in the circulation of a report which spread like a panic among the passengers, that a notorious individual, of whom everybody had heard, but whom nobody had seen, was on board. This person had made more noise in the city of New-York, than any one who had lived since the abdication of Peter Stuyvesant. He of the Iron-mask—the author of Junius—the Great Unknown—had not excited more curiosity in their day and generation, than the mysterious being of whom we are now writing. To that strange character had been attributed all the manifold disasters of the country: the hard times—the suspension of specie payments—the troubles of abolition, and every other evil that threatened the safety of the republic. He possessed a wonderful faculty for doing mischief, and what was more wonderful still, a sort of magical ubiquity, for he was here, there, and everywhere at the same time. At one moment he was in Wall-street, levelling the banks with staves and bludgeons; at another, he was assaulting the arsenal of the state, (where, by the way, it is said he captured and imprisoned the

commissary-general, his son George, and Cornelius the carpenter.) He was a great "agitator," and his name struck terror to the hearts and souls of the Gothamites.

"Who could he be?" asked everybody ; but nobody knew.

From what we have just said, the reader will at once perceive that "*the man in the claret-coloured coat*" was on board the steamer.

But where he was, or what he was, or who he was, remained as profound a mystery as the philosopher's stone.

The shades of evening thickened among the Highlands, and the dew-dropping clouds hung like misty veils over the hill-tops, concealing their beauty and shrouding them from the sight.. The passengers retired to their cabins, and, notwithstanding the curiosity of all, the man in the claret-coloured coat was nowhere to be seen, although it was ascertained to a certainty that he was on board. The North America arrived in Albany before the break of day, and long ere any of the sleepers were stirring, that shadowy, invisible spirit had gone on shore and "vanished into thin air."

Some said he was on his way to Canada to join the patriots ; and, for the peace of the good city of New-York, we not only hope the story is true, but

that the arch-fiend in human shape may be shot there, and trouble our worthy fellow-citizens no more.

At Albany, Emily Withers and her parents took the cars for Saratoga, where we shall leave them to drink the hygeian-waters, and pass away the sultry months of summer.

Seated in a gloomy apartment in a remote part of the town, was a poor author—pale and emaciated, and just recovering from a protracted indisposition, that had nearly brought him to the grave. He was completing a new work of fiction for the press of Lea and Blanchard, who, with a liberality usual with those enlightened bibliopoles, when they discover undoubted genius and unemployed talent, had paid for the work in advance, and thus prevented the author from starving while he wrote. A table, a few chairs, writing materials, the works of Shakspeare, Walter Scott and Washington Irving, were the principal articles in his room. The author's loose morning-gown, like himself, had seen better days; and his shirt-collar being unbuttoned and falling on his shoulders, disclosed a throat and head that might have furnished a study for the sculptor. His pale features were occasionally lighted with a smile, and fire kindled in his thoughtful eye as the rich treasures of his mind were poured upon the paper. The work was finished. He laid aside his

pen, and leaning his head upon his hand, communed with himself.

“My task is accomplished. The desire of my heart is at length fulfilled, and though times have sadly changed with me, and the blind goddess proven herself a fickle jade, yet I feel that by industry and my pen, I may yet retrieve my sunken fortunes. Well, the past were pleasant days, but they have vanished, and with them all the hopes they inspired. Pain, penury, and disease have long exiled me from the world; but I shall return to it again, a wiser, and I trust a better man. O Emily, why does your bright image mingle with all my fondest recollections of by-gone times? You have forgotten me now; yet, how devotedly have I loved. Proud, passionate and wealthy, the world is all before you where to choose; and, though in the hours of my prosperity, hope flattered me with the belief that you would one day be mine, it would be presumption now. No, Emily, that golden dream is over—my heart is breaking at the thought that you never, never can be mine!”

Little knew Mr. Lee (it was he who spoke,) the heart of faithful, trusting, doating woman. When her affections are once bestowed, she smiles at all the reverses of the world, and her love endures when all else perishes. Woman's love is like the hardy evergreen of our own native groves, and looks as

cheerful in the storms of winter as when the genial airs of spring-time play around its branches, and all the other trees of the forest dress themselves in holliday apparel, amid the melody of birds and the silvery sounds of running waters.

Our author's reverie was broken by a knock at the door of his apartment; he arose to let the intruder in, and the detested person of Larence Payne stood before him.

"So," said the attorney, "I have found you at last. Snug quarters these—quite out of the way of the bailiffs, eh, Mr. Lee? Well, this is much better than paying notes, interest, assessments and taxes. Everything quite comfortable and snug, I declare."

"To what," said Lee, recovering from his surprise, "am I indebted for this intrusion?"

"Intrusion! Well, I like that phraseology. No intrusion at all—not in the least. I came by order of a court of law, and here are two bailiffs with writs in their pockets for you; so you see you are wanted and must go."

"If you were not beneath my notice, I would throw you out of the window for your impertinence," said Lee. "Solely on account of your insignificance, I let you escape!"

"Excessively glad to hear it," said Mr. Larence Payne, as, with an oblique movement, he made the

best of his way down stairs, followed by the sheriffs and their prisoner.

On their arrival at the City-hall, Mr. Lee was astonished to learn that every judgment against him had been cancelled on the record, and that he was free from debt and at liberty. At this unexpected news, the attorney, unperceived by any one, skulked away from the Hall, and was soon in a place of concealment.

Mr. Lee was lost in amazement at this unlooked-for stroke of good fortune. He breathed more freely than he had done for months. It seemed as though a mountain of difficulty had been rolled from his mind; he was a new creature. But who was his benefactor? What generous spirit was it that stepped forward in his moment of greatest need and released him from bondage? Was it Mivins the broker? It must be he. Lee knew no other individual in the world capable of such an act. It was like him. It was noble.

Within the last year a change had come over the destinies of New-York. Commerce once more spread her snowy pinions to the breeze. The hammer sounded cheerfully upon the anvil. The banks resumed the payment of specie. Confidence was restored. Talent, enterprise and industry again received their merited reward, and bright hearts and smiling faces were everywhere to be seen. It seemed

as though the wand of Prospero had been at work—such a change came over the whole community. The gay and fashionable had returned from their summer tour, and Emily Withers was once more in town, improved in health and radiant in beauty.

It was an autumn evening. A line of carriages stood in State-street and round the Battery, their lamps sparkling like fire-flies among the trees, and illuminating the neighbourhood far and near. The house of Mr. Withers streamed with light, and was thronged with company. There was a wedding there. The guests had all arrived. Among them the venerable Belmont, who was the presiding genius of the scene.

When in England, whither he had gone, shortly after the duel mentioned in the early part of this narrative, he heard of Lee's misfortunes, and taking the first packet, he hastened to relieve them. On his arrival in New-York, he cancelled all his responsibilities, for his wealth was inexhaustible, and settled upon Mr. Lee the fifty thousand dollars he had so thoughtlessly lost in his speculations, and had hither come to witness the happiness of his friend in his union with the blooming Emily.

“Why have you taken such an interest in that young man?” asked Mivins the broker.

“ He did me a service, and it is a debt of gratitude paid by a *Jew* to a *Christian*.”

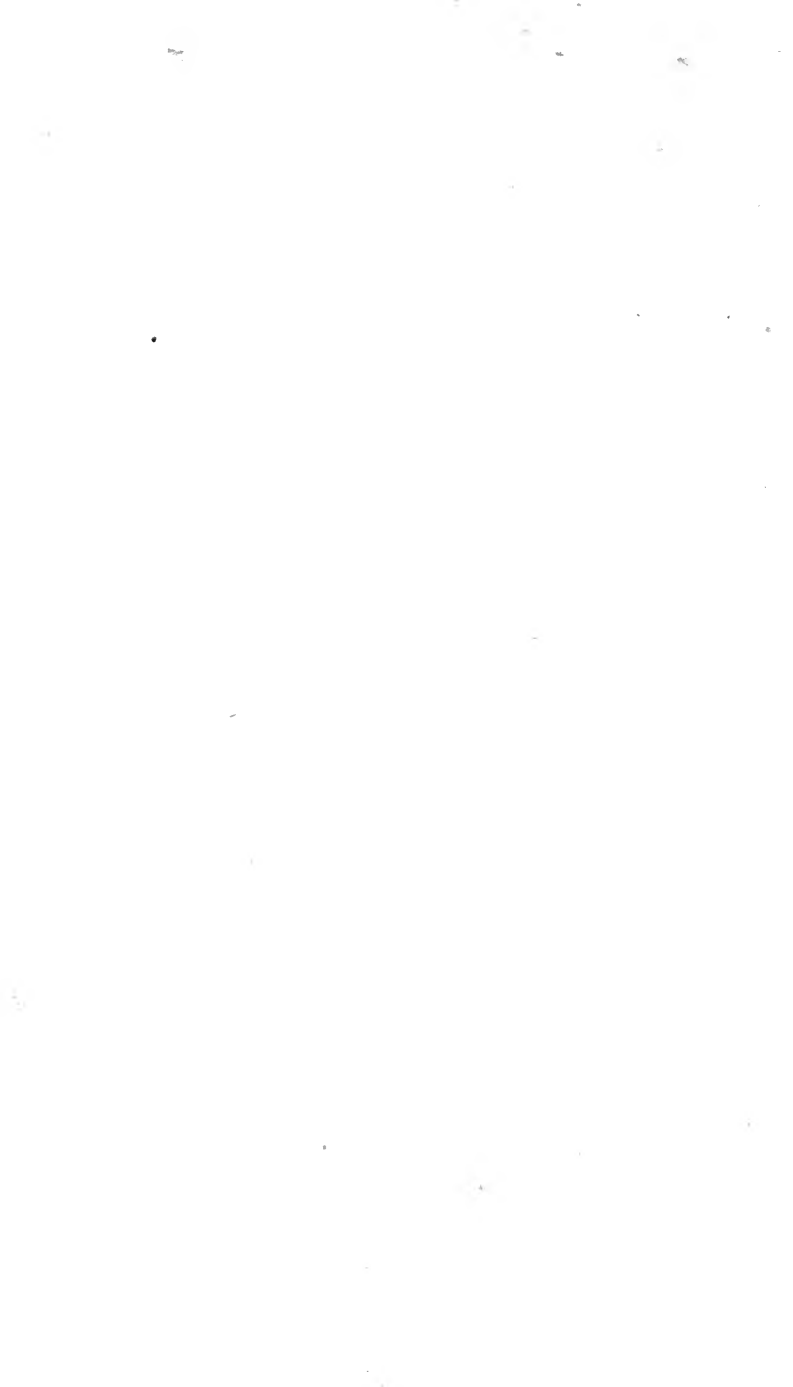
My story is done—“ But what,” asks the reader, “ became of little Payne the attorney ?”

He did not go to Texas, but to Canada, to fight the battles of the patriots.

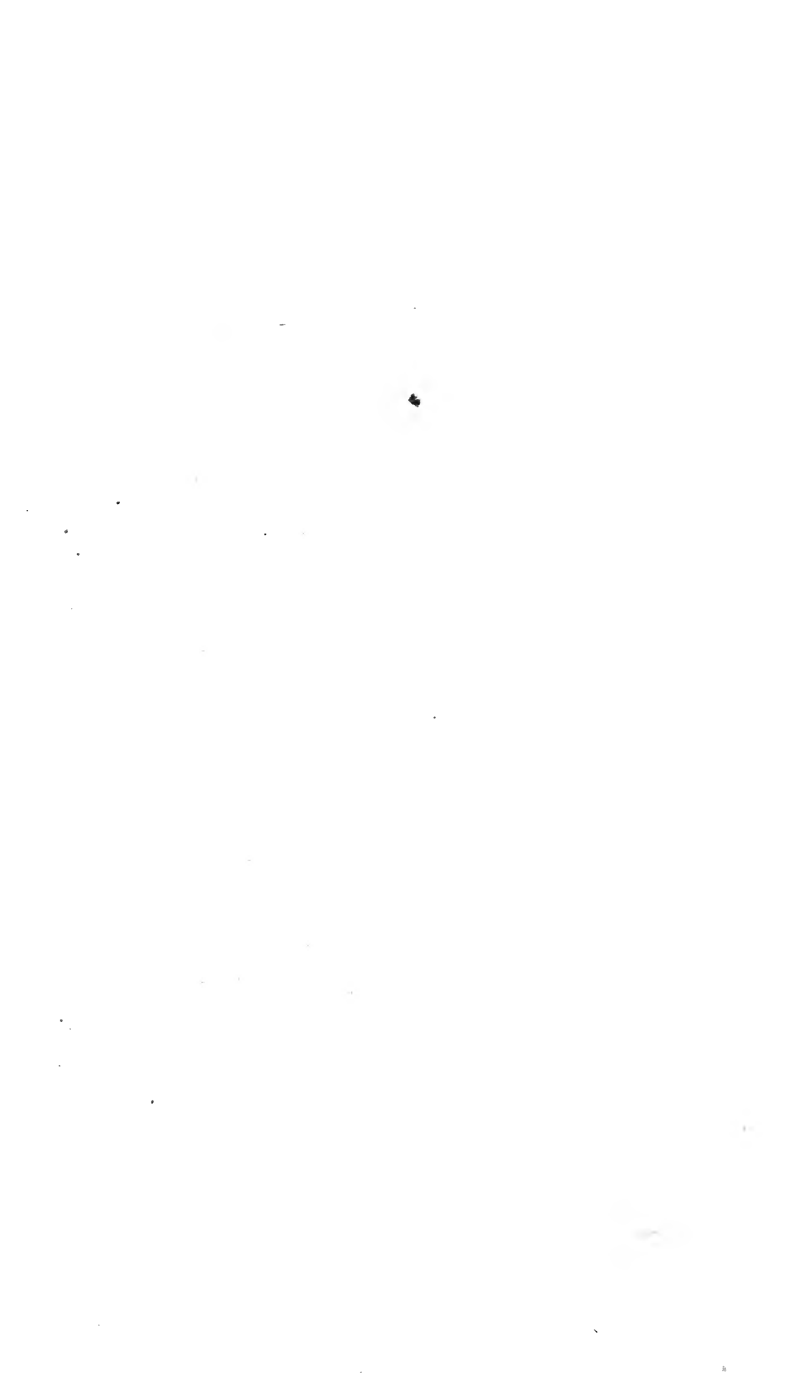
“ And died there ?”

“ Yes, gallantly fighting by the side of THE MAN IN THE CLARET-COLOURED COAT.”



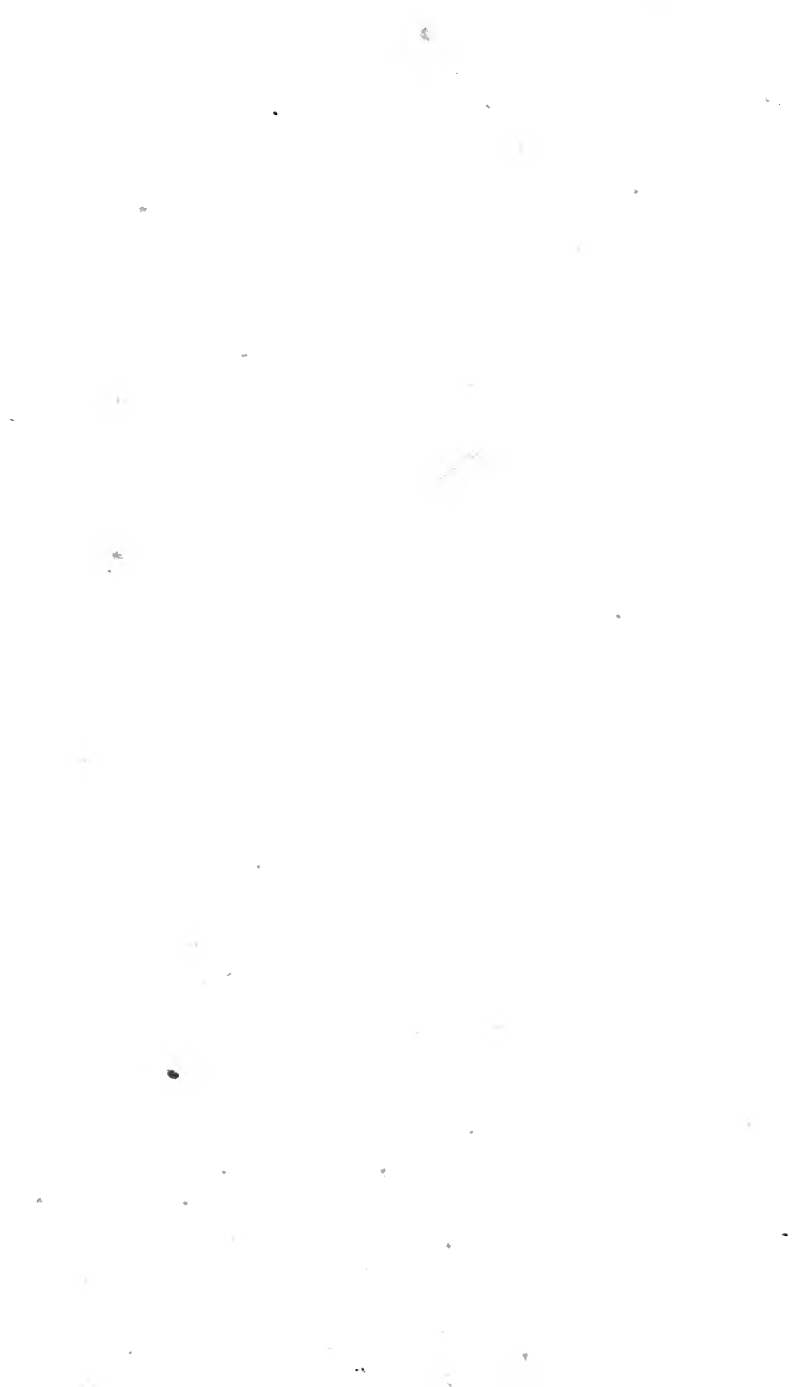




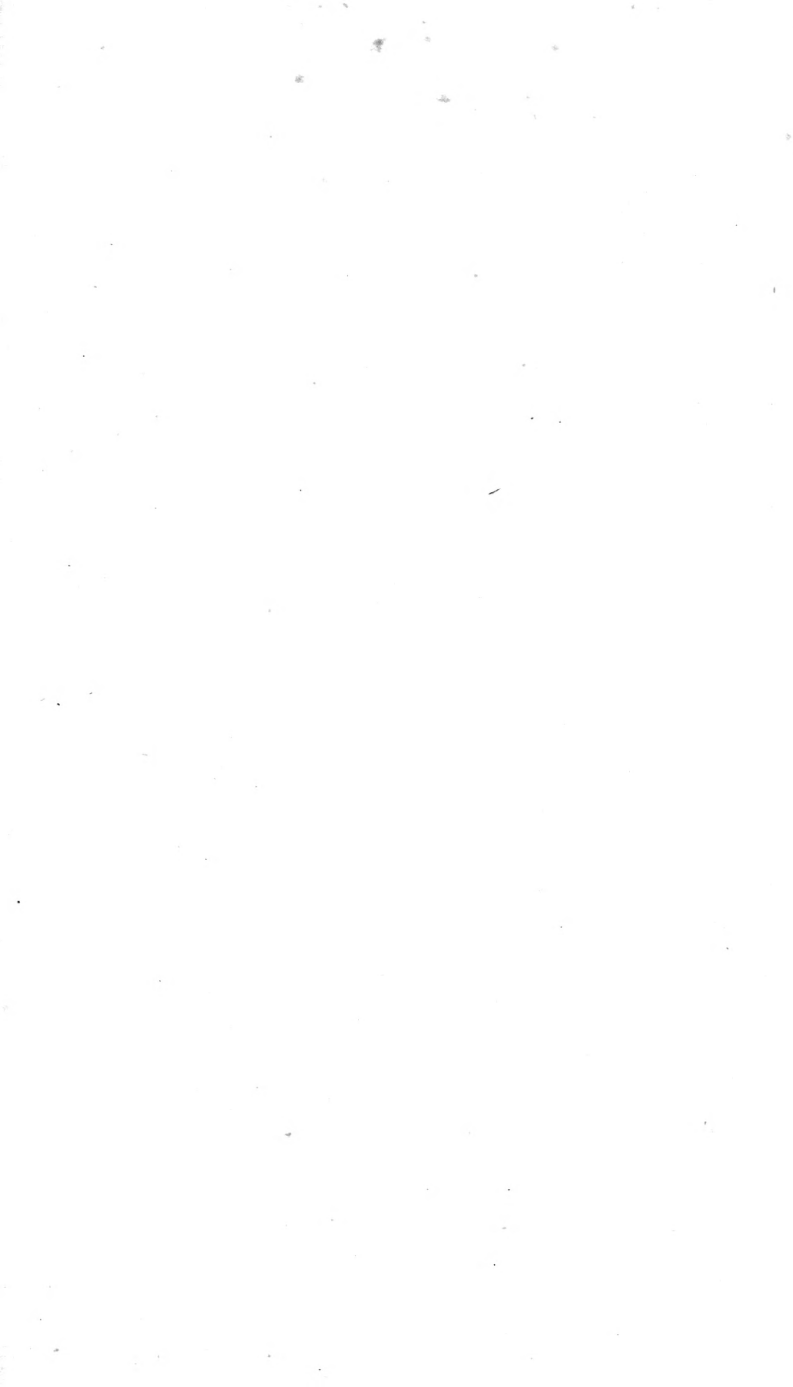














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